JOHN BULL, MARCH 22, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1240.
Vol. XLVII.

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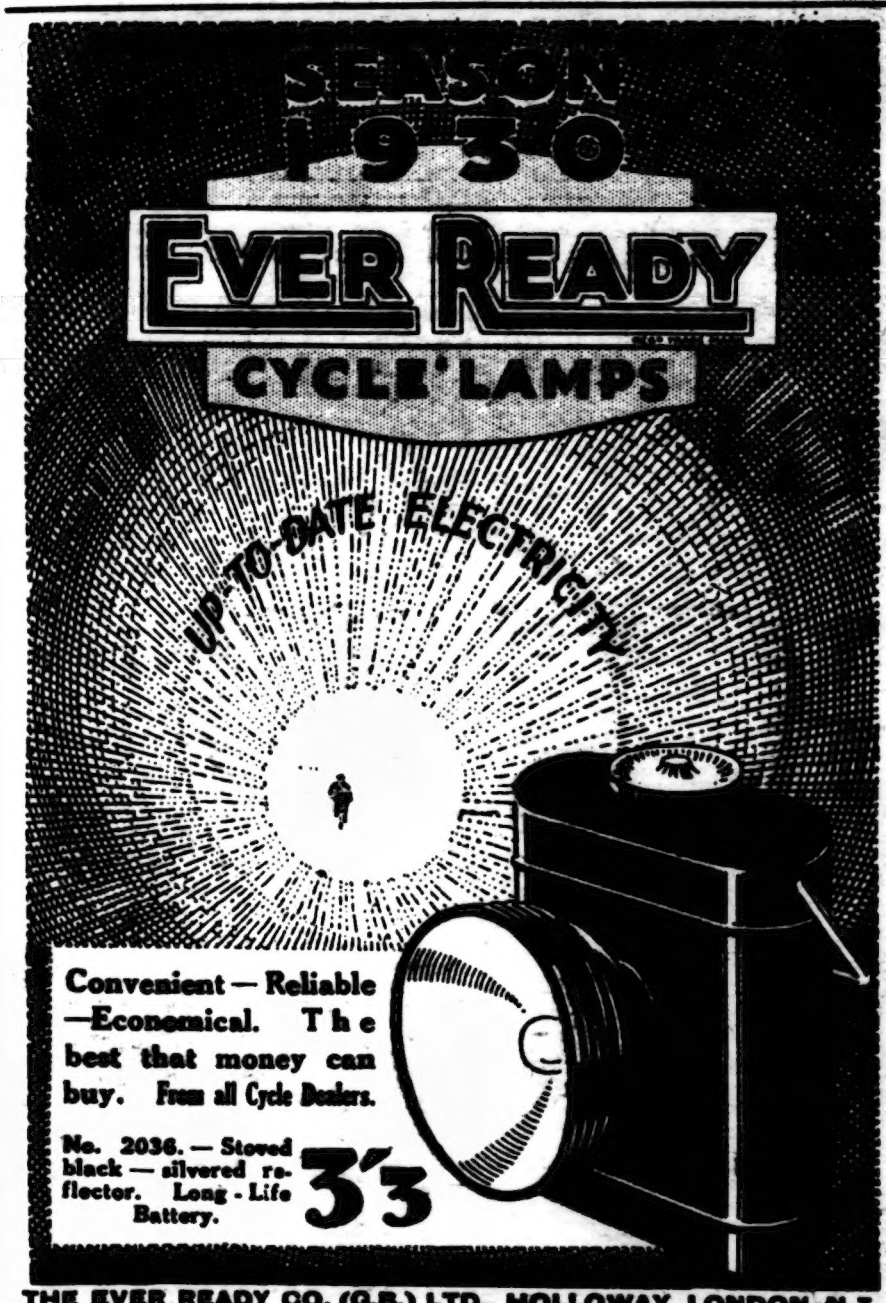
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TURN to page 18 and send the coupon in the WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER advt. for particulars of Free Gifts.

WRITE for Easter or Summer Programme particulars of a holiday abroad appearing in the W.T.A. advt. on page 30.

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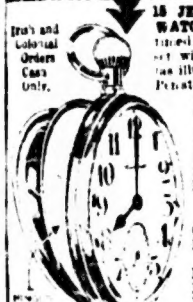

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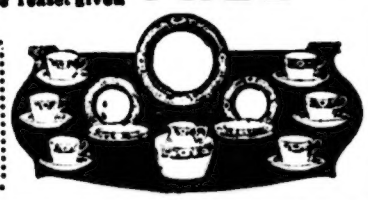

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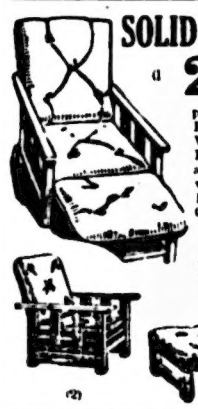

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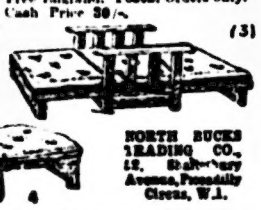

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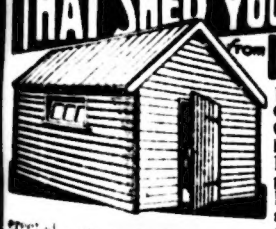

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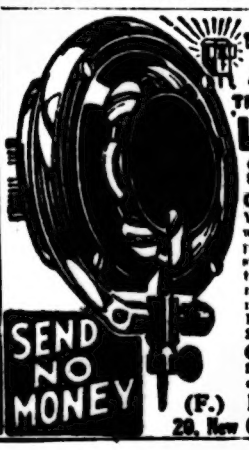

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THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Mar. 22, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

WHAT is behind the extraordinary action of France in building up a colossal gold reserve of £350,000,000, for which she has no legitimate use?

This is twice our reserve, and France has one-twentieth of our international commitments.

Most of this hoard has come from Britain, and its going has kept our bank rate up, with consequent trade depression and unemployment.

When it is remembered that war-chests must have solid gold, it gives one furiously to think.

Fighting-shy fund

If you want to know how marvellously the public has supported the great crusade of the Empire Free Traders, consider this authoritative analysis of their Party fighting fund:

The total amount acknowledged in the Press is £59,495, although they have been shouting about £100,000 being in sight.

Fifteen big people subscribed £45,250. So that the general outside public found less than £14,000! If indeed all the unknowns came from outside.

No wonder that the campaign is being quietly shelved.

Liveliness

When Conservatives and Liberals combined to defeat the Government on the Coal Bill they took good care to choose an issue on which there was no question of an appeal to the country.

Their idea was merely to damage the Government's prestige without forcing an election.

But the incident has caused the Cabinet serious anxiety, and Mr. Snowden is being asked to make his Budget a good shop-window one.

Meanwhile the Labour Party is more confident than hitherto of being able to raise an adequate election fund.

They want ships

Almost any day now may see the signing of a commercial treaty between this country and Soviet Russia.

Mr. Gillett, Secretary for Overseas Trade, in his negotiations with the Soviet representatives, has practically disposed of all the difficulties.

The conclusion of the treaty is expected to give a big fillip to Anglo-Russian trade, and one of the first results will be the placing of big shipbuilding orders.

More than double

Mr. Ben Turner, the Secretary for Mines, has had enquiries made which show that coal is more than doubling its price between the pit-head and the housewife.

Best kitchen-coal, which costs 46s. a ton in London, is about 22s. a ton at the pit-head

So, although the miner is not getting much, somebody is.

Buying the air

Mr. Martin Wronsky, manager of the German Luft Hansa A.G. (Germany's Imperial Airways), gives us some cogent facts regarding the development of air-transport in Germany.

The Versailles Treaty forbade any military development.

Is it a New War-Chest?

The Great Coal Mystery

Behind the Jewel Coups

Yet to-day there are distributed through Germany seventy or eighty aerodromes which have fully equipped landing-places for airway transport. Britain has not sixteen such airports.

The sting in Mr. Wronsky's statement lies in the item of cost.

While our air bill for 1929 was £16,200,000, and France paid £14,300,000, Germany's rapidly growing services called on the taxpayer for little more than a million pounds.

Sharp beaks

Much Parliamentary energy is being wasted in an effort to increase the number of Labourite magistrates.

Labour representation on the advisory committees of various county Lords-Lieutenant is being strengthened to ensure better representation on county benches, and a list of proposed new magistrates is being presented to the Lord Chancellor.

A move to get rid of unreliable unpaid magistrates and put in competent stipendiaries would be nearer the mark.

A long job ending

In a quiet room in London seven men are putting the finishing touches to an historic document which will vitally affect the future of the 300,000,000 people of India.

Sir John Simon—the man of the moment

The members of the Simon Commission are nearing the end of the great task to which they set their hands in 1927.

Within a few weeks the report will be in the hands of the Secretary for India for submission to the King.

India is awaiting it most eagerly, and its publication there will totally eclipse in interest the civil disobedience campaign of Mr. Gandhi.

Something in spuds

We observe no strenuous advertisement of the fact that our dump-ridden potato-growers are building up a remarkably flourishing export trade.

Last year the industry exported 58,000 tons of seed and eating potatoes, valued at £280,000. These figures are more than twice those of 1928.

Consignments to Spain are doubling annually, and agricultural France is a steady buyer.

A large amount of English fruit is also beginning to find its way to foreign markets.

"A graceful compliment to the veteran"

For "Tommy"

Few know that when Sir Thomas Lipton makes his fifth bid to regain the America Cup for Great Britain he will not fly the colours of Britain's leading yacht squadron, of which he is not a member.

So the Royal Ulster Yacht Club has made things much pleasanter for the veteran sportsman.

Not only was the challenge sent through it, but the club is paying "Tommy" a graceful compliment by giving him a rear-commodore's flag.

A £10,000 mystery

What is happening in regard to the recent £10,000 jewel robbery in Hatton Garden?

The thief described to the police by the young lady who was robbed is still at large, and beyond the temporary detention of a suspect at Vine Street, nothing has been done.

Is this case to be added to the list of big unsolved Hatton Garden robberies?

Four—and one more

Since our last issue a fifth national daily newspaper has been added to the old big four.

This is the new *Daily Herald*, which has arrived with a ready-made sale of a million.

It strikes us as worthy to be Labour's national organ. The news columns and feature articles challenge comparison with those in any of its competitors.

These, combined with the attractions of free insurance benefits as generous as any offered by a newspaper, will certainly make the new *Herald* a striking success.

Labour badly lacked a big national daily newspaper. Now the Party has it.

Un-commercial travellers

The argument advanced in these columns recently, that the Consular Service does not adequately represent Britain's commercial interests, is supported by the manner in which Consular officials are allotted to foreign countries.

No account seems to be taken of the relative importance of various countries from the point of view of trade.

Our whole Persian trade is only one-fortieth of our trade with Germany, yet Persia has twenty-nine Consular officers, while Germany has but twenty-eight.

Moreover, although the chief duty of the Persian officials is to discover duties for themselves, their number is shortly being increased to thirty.

Money for squibs

The testing-station for explosives maintained by the Mines Department at Rotherham is giving place to a new station, which is to be bigger and better and costlier.

Are they wasting money on experiments that have been made already by other Departments?

The Royal Arsenal is doing work similar to that of the Mines Department. The Admiralty, Army, Air Force and Home Office each maintains an explosive department.

The National Physical Laboratory alone could test anything within the purview of the Mines Department.

What collaboration exists between these departments?

Sweating is no crime!

If this is how Justices of the Peace help the Ministry of Agriculture to carry out the Agricultural Wages Act, the sooner either the Act or the Justices is scrapped, the better:

At Abergavenny three Llanvetherine farmers were summoned for gross underpaying of workers. In two cases there was an adjournment.

In the third, where the labourer had been underpaid 10s. 11½d. a week, there was a nominal fine of 1s., without costs.

Justices Shallow and Co. made great play with the fact that the men themselves made no complaint. That isn't the point!

More milking

We exposed and helped to stop the milk ramp of August last.

Although milk contracts will not be revised until October, we give notice to all concerned that a similar ramp is being schemed.

The plan to create a national milk monopoly, which failed last year, is being revived, and at least two big milk firms are offering baits to farmers to join them in schemes which bode no good to milk-drinkers.

Military secrets

Army recruiting figures are down this year by 10,000. They want men.

The other day we rang up four of the chief London recruiting-offices to ask a simple question about the educational test. From three of them there was "no reply."

At the fourth we were informed by a cold, official voice that "we do not reply to telephone enquiries, as we do not know to whom we may be speaking."

Will all agents of foreign Powers please note that it will be useless to ring up Whitehall in the hope of extracting vital information by pretending that they're us.

"IF YOU SEE IT—"

(Continued)

No appeal

William Henry Podmore, convicted of the murder of Vivian Messiter, has the right to appeal against his sentence to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

Samuel Cushnan, who on the same day was found guilty and sentenced to death at Belfast for the murder of James M'Cann, cannot appeal, for the simple reason that there is no Court of Criminal Appeal in Northern Ireland.

He might have an appeal to the Privy Council, as in the case of Dr. Knowles from West Africa, but the expense would be enormous.

What about an Appeal Court for Northern Ireland?

Investigate

There has been a serious increase lately in cases of smallpox on board ships coming from the East, particularly India and Australia.

Naturally the strictest measures are taken to stamp out the scourge, a single case being sufficient to cause a ship to be placed in quarantine.

But reports from Australia state that the accommodation provided for passengers so detained is far from satisfactory.

The health authorities concerned should give this matter immediate attention.

In England now

A clerk, sixty years of age, has just been found dead from starvation on Streatham Common. He was respectably dressed, and he had not an ounce of fat on his body.

The doctor said he must have died very slowly.

Yet under our laws no one is supposed to starve!

Wind-screens

Members of the Select Committee on Parliamentary Procedure will soon get down to real business.

They have far-reaching schemes of reform in their minds, on the lines suggested in JOHN BULL.

His pin for the wind-bag

Mr. Tom Griffiths, a former Government Whip, will propose that a great deal of the trifling business which is now made the excuse for long-winded speeches shall be dealt with by special committees.

Whether the committee's ultimate recommendations will succeed in defeating the procedure which they aim at amending, and so become law, remains to be seen.

Not even a stable

Man never showed inhumanity to man more savagely than when the authorities evicted four families the other day from as many houses on Bentley Common, near Willenhall.

The houses had been condemned by the Walsall Rural Council because they had no water-supply. And so the police turned out the poor folk, nailed up the doors, and barred the windows.

The evicted families, babes and all, had to sleep in the open, in pigeon-lofts and pigsties. And the clerk of the council "didn't know"!

Sir Henry thinks it peculiar, too

Very remarkable

In a case heard before Sir Henry Dickens, K.C., the jury disagreed, and on the following day before a different judge and jury the man was found guilty and sent to six months' hard labour.

When he heard about it the venerable Sir Henry said he would have bound over the man had he been found guilty at the first trial.

A very, very remarkable case.

Death, the butty

Two youths and a man were drowned when water from an old working broke into the Fanny Pit, Sheriff Hill, Durham. A lamentable event. But the tragedy is set off by two acts of great bravery.

The first thoughts of T. Sharp, an eighteen-year-old lad of Gateshead, was for his pony, which he tried to drag to safety, and died hanging on to the bridle.

* * *

When first the water was detected Harold Hall, fifteen, of Sheriff Hill, switched off the electric light, and tried to warn the rest of the pit by 'phone. Then, as the water deepened, he tried to reach Sharp, but the current carried him away.

Also, with two other boys, he tried, in vain, to divert the water into another working. We are glad that the life of this brave boy, at least, was saved.

Unwelcome prodigals

The recent activity of the Police Chiefs of New York and Chicago in their underworld cleansing campaigns has driven many notorious crooks and bandits to England.

A number of these criminals are, unhappily, British subjects, who previously migrated to America.

The experience and added daring acquired during their years in the States makes this threatened invasion a dangerous menace.

Being British subjects, they cannot be prevented from landing, but—the Yard must prepare!

M.P.s who side-step

If, instead of "writing to your M.P. about it" (and M.P.s with their stuffed letter-bags hate the slogan), you go to the House of Commons to see him, you are embarking on a gamble.

If he is conscientious he will see you, but it is the easiest thing in the world for him to disappear.

* * *

You go to the central hall, and you fill in a green card stating your name and address and your business.

An attendant takes it, and you wait hopefully. Meantime, messengers in evening dress are meandering about with your card.

It is like looking for a needle in a haystack.

Radio v. deck officers

Our article, "The Stain on the 'Red Duster,'" seems to have been misunderstood by some wireless operators. We have often taken up their case, and we shall again.

We know that in December, 1925, they suffered a reduction of £1 2s. 6d. a month, and that since September, 1926, there have been periodic reductions, which will continue automatically until the end of 1931.

* * *

Nevertheless, it was necessary for us to emphasise the disgraceful underpaying of masters and deck-officers.

And it *is* an anomaly that a second mate with a master's certificate and twelve years' service should receive the same rate of pay as the radio officer with less than three years afloat.

That the radio officer in turn should be sweated makes it all the worse.

Nothing like paper

This is not taken from a music-hall sketch. It is sober fact. The local council is trying to find a wallpaper strong enough to keep the plaster of the walls together in the council houses at Kirkburton.

The plaster is so rotten that if you touch it, down it comes. It is comforting to hear that bricks hold together with or without wallpaper.

Who wants a gun?

A gun was lost. That's undoubted. It was on November 16, 1928, while being taken by lighter from Shoeburyness to Woolwich.

For nearly fourteen months it lay on the bed of the Thames Estuary. Last July it fouled a Leigh fisherman's nets and caused £60 damages.

The fisherman reported the matter. And now the gun is on the Grays foreshore.

The fisherman sent in a claim, and then the War Office, which had spent time and money trying to find this very gun, had doubts if it had lost it.

And, though the fisherman has suffered this damage, and has found the gun for it, *the War Office hasn't paid him a penny!*

We score again!

Although Mrs. Lines, of Hornsey, applied last June for her old-age pension, it was not until February of this year that the Ministry of Health came to a decision.

Mrs. Lines was then informed that her claim was admitted and her pension would be paid as from December 20.

As the official responsible for this decision evidently did not know that when the claim was allowed payment was due from the first pay-day following the receipt of her application, we took up the matter.

Mrs. Lines has now received her full six months' arrears.

An injustice corrected; but a Ministry that knew its job would see that such blunders were never made.

Respect at last

The Central Public Health and Public Assistance Committees of the London County Council are resolved to enforce great alterations in pauper burial.

At a cost of £20,000, the committees propose to provide separate burial with a coach for mourners, and the term "Pauper Ground" is to be abolished in public cemeteries.

Under Board of Guardian administration, which ends on April 1, a majority of districts allowed as many as five corpses in one hearse, and no additional provision was made for those who wished to follow.

Blunderwagons

A Manchester coroner's jury expressed the opinion the other day that the old-fashioned steam-lorries, controlled by two men, should not be allowed on the road. We heartily agree.

The inquest concerned a boy who had been killed through slipping underneath the wheels.

Some of these lorries are so made that the driver can see nothing immediately on the near side of the vehicle, while his mate, the steerer, can see nothing on the off side.

Firms who will not spend money on more up-to-date and less dangerous vehicles do not deserve trade.

Pub'icity for him

From all parts readers have written with regard to the C. H Curtis "Publicity Service," New Oxford Street, London, W.C., which sends circulars offering envelope-addressing at 8s. 6d. per thousand. (The usual price is 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.)

But you must send 25s. as security for directories, lists, and envelopes.

One agreement is that you are willing to write envelopes in Curtis' office. And if you send him the 25s. under another agreement it is improbable that he will ask you.

He first rented a small office in New Oxford Street in mid-February. Little property is visible, he does not keep regular office-hours, *but has a taste for correspondence.*

Above the law?

A Lancashire paper has been prosecuted for running a Christmas draw. A precisely similar draw by the Lord Mayor of Manchester has not been interfered with.

He passed word on

The Manchester Chief Constable explains that he has no information concerning the Lord Mayor's draw, but Mr. E. Sandham, M.P., says that he has shown all the papers connected with it to the Home Secretary.

Will Mr. Clynes tell the Chief Constable about it? The law as it affects sweepstakes is vexatious enough. Discriminations make it intolerable.

Why not toss up?

The Gosforth (Newcastle-on-Tyne) magistrates believe in mob rule.

When objection to the granting of a seven days' licence to the Globe Electric Theatre was raised by clergymen the chairman, Mr. Charles Irwin, took the voice of the persons in the public gallery.

Of course, they were all against the licence.

Rough and ready, Mr. Chairman; but very queer.

A case for generosity

The Irish Grants Committee has been working hard for three years sifting claims of transferred Civil Servants and others to compensation.

As this work is nearly ended, the question arises of the compensation of the committee itself. Two pensioned public servants on the committee, Sir Alexander Wood Renton, the chairman, and Sir James Brunyate are being compensated.

* * *

The third, Sir John Oakley, a business man, undertook this work without any question of remuneration, but at the beginning no one can have realised how long the work would take.

Since it has dragged out for more than three years, the country owes something more to Sir John than the G.B.E., which is all that he has so far received.

Duped motorists

There are still many garage-keepers who take advantage of the average motorist's lack of mechanical knowledge to bleed him white.

A Huddersfield business-man recently received an invoice from a local garage amounting to over £14. He refused to pay the account, and challenged the firm to take the case into the courts.

After the lapse of a few days he received an amended account for slightly over £2.

Behind the 'SILVER BULLET'

by CAPTAIN MALCOLM CAMPBELL

Holder of several world's motor-car speed-records and a pioneer of aviation

I AM writing before Kaye Don makes his great attempt at Daytona, Florida, with his "Silver Bullet" car, on Segrave's world record of 231 miles an hour. My keenest desires are with the British driver that he may triumph.

It is a great adventure and a tremendous test of personality and nerve.

Whenever these attempts on world-records are made, involving their share of peril, there are always those who petulantly ask, "What's the use?"

Speed, says Commander Sir Cecil Burney, the designer of the airship *R 100*, in his book, is the principal factor upon which the cohesion and stability of the Empire will most largely depend in the future.

I would like to cut out Sir Cecil Burney's words, and have them framed and hung up over the beds of all those self-appointed critics who think nothing of speed-records.

The value of speed is still far too greatly under-estimated and ill-appreciated in this country. The nation that wins in the race for commercial supremacy nowadays is the nation which, like the early bird, gets there first.

Every time a speed-record is set up, whether on land, water, or in the air, it is bringing this country one step nearer to unchallengeable supremacy in the neck-and-neck race which is now being fought out between the nations for world-trade and world-dominion.

New world to win

PERHAPS I had better say world-influence, rather than world-dominion, for one hopes that the idea of any one nation obtaining world-dominion died when the Kaiser fled to Holland.

World-influence is a very different matter from world-dominion. The British Empire in the past has held the scales of world-influence.

The Empire has been able, wisely and justly, to guide, direct or shape the policies of practically every nation in every part of the world. The result, up to 1914, was unparalleled prosperity and freedom from war.

In 1914, our world-influence was challenged by force of arms. We defeated that. To-day our world-influence is being challenged by force of finance, and that by America.

If we are to defeat America in the field of world-finance and world-trade, we can do so only by organising the Empire into one vast, closely knit, commercial fighting-force.

We are only on the threshold of the possibilities of speed. In every other branch of life we have developed safety, comfort and luxury to an extent undreamt of by our forefathers.

Speed is the next world to be conquered. We are only just beginning to conquer it.

I have no hesitation in prophesying that speed on land will probably be well over 300 m.p.h. within the next few years. Four hundred miles in a motor-car is within the bounds of possibility. Speed on water is the least developed of all.

To-day, an English motor-boat can do well over ninety miles an hour on water and beat the world. To-morrow, the to-morrow of the next few years, will see English boats travelling at probably twice that speed.

And in the air heaven only knows where we shall stop. The astounding speeds reached in last year's race for the Schneider Trophy will probably be the commonplaces of 1934.

The possibilities of human speed are limited only by the weaknesses of the human constitution and the imperfections of engineering construction and design.

It is very possible that we may perfect

"His great adventure for the Empire"—Kaye Don and his sister

design and construction to a pitch whereby the machine will be able to beat the man.

That is to say, we shall design a car, an aeroplane, or even, possibly, a motor-boat which will be able to travel at a speed higher than human nerves and resistances will be able to stand up to.

I quote that as a possibility, but not as a probability, because I believe that the more we achieve in the way of speed, the more our bodies and constitutions will adapt themselves to the changed conditions of travel.

Our grandfathers said, when the first railways were built, that sixty miles an hour would kill a man. It would clot the blood and stop the heart. The very idea was opposed to God and man.

Yet we did our sixty miles an hour and then our hundred, and to-day we can do over two hundred miles an hour on land, and then step out of a car at the end of it feeling no worse than, perhaps, a little breathless.

They said that if we flew, we should upset the whole system of the human circulation. They said that birds alone were meant to fly, and that men who did it would go mad.

Bleriot did not go mad in 1909, and I have yet to hear of anyone who has developed lunacy in the air since then—although plenty of lunatics fly.

It has been amply proved that the human body and the human brain can adapt themselves to almost any circumstances of speed.

What is the value of speed?

The answer to that stupid, but often repeated, question is that speed enables us to travel quickly; by travelling more quickly we girdle the earth instead of the British Isles.

We learn the habits and points of view of other nations instead of other countries, and as we learn them so we respect them, and by doing that we remove the cause of war and pave the way for world-peace.

"What's the use?"—Bah!

THE benefits that speed has already given us are not always appreciated, yet to take one field of example alone, we owe practically every existing improvement in motor-cars to the lessons learnt on the racing-track.

Greater engine output and efficiency, improved tyres, four-wheel brakes, lower centre of gravity, decrease of weight—power to weight-ratio being such an important factor in racing.

Better springing, non-skid tyres and increased road-holding powers are all due to the lessons of speed learned on the racing-track or road.

And to that increased speed we owe also the arterial roads and by-passes which are everywhere making travel in this country a matter of minutes instead of hours.

Yet I can imagine that someone will still

Captain Campbell "changes gear" and takes his daughter in tow

doggedly ask, "What is the use of driving or flying at, say, 300 miles an hour?"

I admit that for everyday purposes, so far as we can visualise it at present, its use is practically nil.

But it is only by attempting to drive or fly at, say, 300 m.p.h. that we can perfect those improvements and accessories which will make it absolutely safe for the ordinary person to drive or fly at, say, 150 m.p.h.

Speed—the Conqueror

AGAIN, I freely admit that the day is somewhat far off when the average man will want to drive a motor-car at 150 m.p.h., let alone be able to do so, in England at any rate, but it will not be long before aeroplanes will habitually fly at speeds far exceeding this figure.

Think of the enormous advantages of an Empire-wide network of air-routes, on which freight, passenger and mail-carrying aeroplanes will be travelling at high speeds at every hour of the day and night.

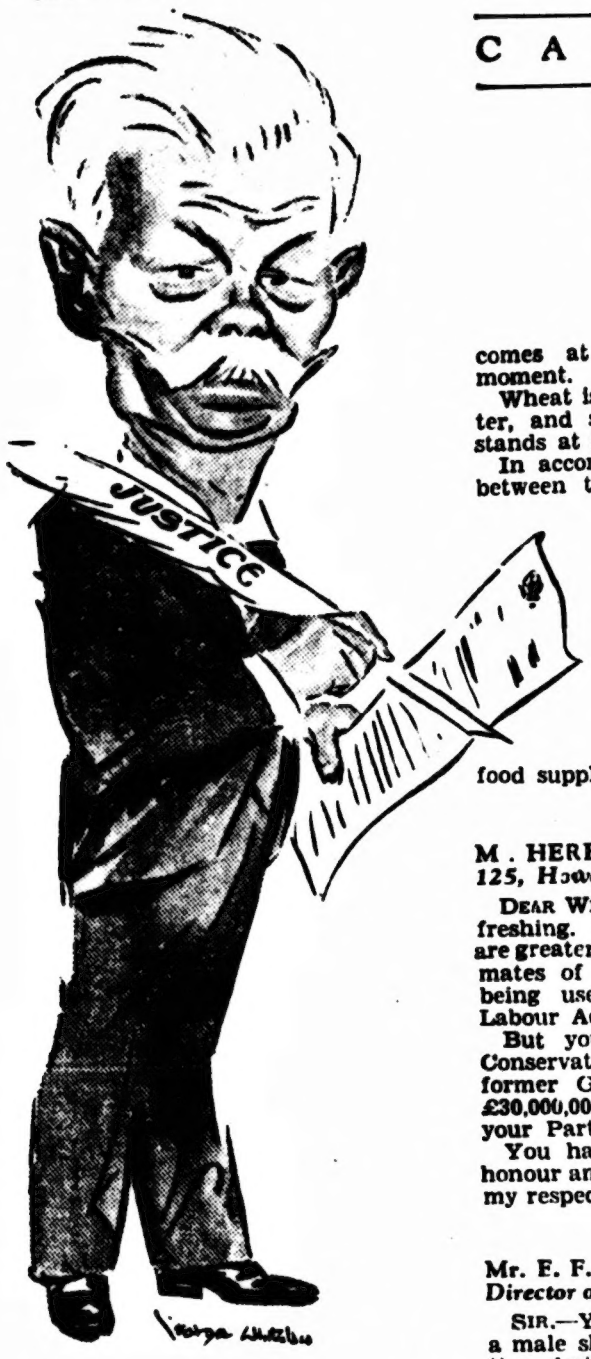
Mails will travel in a fifth or less of the time they take nowadays. Orders will go quicker, money will follow, and, in the wake of the two, trade will treble in volume.

Unemployment will vanish and the world and the Empire alike will enter a new era in which every unit of the earth will be producing and working to capacity instead of, as nowadays, producing in spasmodic patches and working in ill-balanced quantities.

This, you may say, is a dream of the millennium.

We shall never reach the millennium, because the manifold faults of human nature will prevent the realisation of that ideal just as effectually in the future as in the past.

But the standards of living, trade, work and prosperity will all, I am convinced, improve enormously. And we shall owe it to speed.



The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
Home Secretary

DEAR MR. CLYNES,—This letter will reach you while you are still considering the case of William Henry Podmore. I urge you, with all earnestness, not to sign the warrant for his execution.

The public knows that Podmore is a thief, but is not satisfied that he is a murderer.

And I am certain that most men who have followed the trial closely will hesitate to support the death sentence on evidence so largely circumstantial. Suspicion, as Lord Hewart said, is no proof.

The tainted prison evidence was discounted by the judge; but the jury heard it.

I do not for a moment associate myself with the propagandists who oppose all executions; but there is a lingering doubt about this man's vital guilt, scoundrel though he be, which makes me hesitate. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD PASSFIELD,
Secretary for Dominions

DEAR LORD PASSFIELD,—I know I can count on your support of the movement to abolish the child "adoption" system in Ceylon, which has degenerated into pure child-slavery.

Children of eight to ten are bought for cash and set to labour, without any safeguards as to hours and treatment.

They are often hideously ill-treated, punishments including flogging, burning, and the sticking of pins and needles under the finger-nails.

Do not be content with official reports from Ceylon. Send out impartial investigators. JOHN BULL.

Mr. HILL FOSTER,
Central Chamber of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Your declaration that even with wheat at 55s. a quarter, the 4 lb. loaf should cost less than 6d. comes at a particularly opportune moment.

Wheat is now less than 40s. a quarter, and standard straight-run flour stands at 35s. the sack.

In accordance with the agreement between the Food Council and the master-bakers, the loaf should have been reduced to 8d. as soon as flour fell to 36s.

But the master-bakers refuse to reduce it, stating that the scale is no longer remunerative, and urging its revision.

I heartily agree with you that consumers should demand truth in food supplies and in prices. JOHN BULL.

M. HERBERT G. WILLIAMS,
125, Howards Lane, Putney, S.W.

DEAR WILLIAMS,—Your honesty is refreshing. The Government Estimates are greater by £56,000,000 than the Estimates of last year, and the fact is being used as a stick to beat the Labour Administration.

But you, although speaking as a Conservative and a member of the former Government, point out that £30,000,000 of the increase is due to your Party's De-Rating Act.

You have given a rare example of honour among politicians. It increases my respect for your other criticisms. JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. F. POITER,
Director of Education, Chester

SIR,—You have been advertising for a male shorthand typist—good education desirable—for the county library headquarters.

And you have offered the starvation wage of £1 a week.

Clearly there is something wrong in the state of Chester. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR FIRST LORD,—I wonder whether your personal attention was called to the distressing case of Thomas Sly, an ex-naval petty officer pensioner?

This poor fellow's body lay for fifteen days in a coffin in a house at Liverpool, his widow refusing to bury it unless the Admiralty recognised her husband's twenty-nine years' service by sanctioning an official funeral.

It was left to the chief sanitary inspector and his assistants to offer to subscribe to avert a pauper burial.

Could not the award of a pension for long service be made to include a burial grant payable at death? Please think it over. JOHN BULL.

The BISHOP OF STEPNEY,
Stepney Lodge, Upper Clapton Road, E.

MY LORD,—I suppose you have made it possible for business men to take orders because the class from which Church of England clergymen are recruited must nowadays so much more often go to work. And your stock of curates was slumping.

With some amusement, mingled with disgust, I note that the public-school qualification is retained. A Church of England clergyman *must* be of good social standing. JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM GARTHWAITE,
45, Avenue George V., Paris

SIR WILLIAM,—I regretted as much as anyone the loss of your famous barque *Garthpool*, the last of the old windjammers.

It is gratifying to know that now there is a prospect of the provision of a new sailing-ship in which to train British boys as officers of the Mercantile Marine.

The square-rigged, ocean-going sailing-ships which you and your committee project will mean a lot to every schoolboy with a taste for salt water.

And what a splendid British name for it, the *Sea Lion*! JOHN BULL.

THE CHAIRMAN,
Tramway Committee, Southport.

SIR,—If the latest move of your committee is a joke, it is a bad one.

You have supplied your tramway-drivers and conductors each with a domestic servant's outfit, with instructions to dust and brush, and clean brasses on cars, in addition to their ordinary duties.

As if the driver, with the worry of the traffic, and the conductor, with the worry of other people's money, hadn't enough to do already!

I trust, however, that the rumour that you are supplying them also with mob-caps and aprons is unfounded. JOHN BULL.

The Rev. Dr. J. ALFRED SHARP,
President, National Free Church Council

REV. SIR,—I understand your fear that the Protestant Churches of England are in for a bad time. And you seem to have some grounds for saying that Rome is making a bid for England.

But, when other members of your council talk of the spirit of paganism which is abroad, don't you see what it amounts to?

The Churches have failed in their duty. So that Rome need scarcely make a bid, but might enter into vacant possession. JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. WILSON,
Chief Constable, Cardiff

DEAR SIR,—Your statement made in evidence before the House of Commons' Committee on the Cardiff Corporation's Bill was amply justified by the facts.

As you know, for years this paper has called attention to the methods followed by some theatrical employment-agencies, and has shown the need to reduce their extortionate fees, which are, as you say, conducive to immorality.

I greatly regret your minimum fee plan was watered down to the power to investigate, and, in case of proved extortion, to withdraw licences. JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

THE REV. F. H. CHAMBERS: "There are more sportswomen to-day."
But fewer mothers.

* * *

MR. BALDWIN: "I have never been a panic-monger."
Politicians who are sound asleep can at least say that for themselves.

* * *

REV. HERBERT LEGGATE: "A pleasure-mad world is producing ukelele souls."
And industrial conditions, on which the Churches are too silent, are producing fiddle-string physiques.

Hesitate about PODMORE!

Little Slaves Tortured—The Gilded Loaf
A Corner in Curates

Ellen Raises *the* HOUSE

The Sentence of the Court

WITH a cheerful air, strangely out of keeping with the enormity of the offence alleged against her, Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of *lèse majesté*.

"It is with feelings of deep emotion that I approach this case," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for the accused, herself a step-daughter of the Mother of Parliaments, has taken it upon herself to criticise in opprobrious terms the stepmother whom she should regard with filial affection and respect.

"She has dared to liken Parliament to a 600-year-old piece of machinery which should be sent to an industrial museum!

"'The blunt fact,' she announced, 'is that Parliament is not supposed to do anything. Members of Parliament are there to prevent anything being done.'

"There was much else in the same strain, which might lead those who are not acquainted with the Grand Old Lady of Westminster to picture her as a senile hag, too slow to keep pace with the times, too stupid to understand modern requirements and too encumbered with old-fashioned paraphernalia to be of real use.

"No worse case of *lèse majesté* has come under my notice. Unless this sort of thing is severely punished, it won't be long before we have revolutionary fanatics questioning the divine rights of aldermen and the infallibility of Justices of the Peace."

* * *

"We hear much talk nowadays of rationalisation," said Mr. Strawsplitter, "but my client considers that rationalisation should begin at the top, with M.P.s setting their own House in order.

"What would be thought of a firm which paid half its staff to carry on the business and the other half to obstruct them?

"What would be thought of businessmen who began work late in the afternoon and tried to make up for lost time by yawning over their jobs long after midnight?

"Yet it is on such lines that the nation's business is conducted, and if it is an offence to draw attention to such gross absurdities, Miss Wilkinson has sinned in excellent company."

* * *

"It seems to me," said Mr. Justice Bull, "that the prisoner has gone no farther than many other people who have come to look upon Westminster as Wasteminster.

"Indeed, she has not gone so far as a certain Anglo-Indian official, who, returning home after many years and standing on Westminster Bridge, asked a friend: 'What is that building over there?'

"On being informed that it was the Houses of Parliament, he exclaimed incredulously: 'Good heavens! you don't mean to tell me that that nonsense is still going on!'

"Not only is it still going on, but many people think that it is getting no better with great rapidity. The prisoner not only thinks this, but has said it. It is for you to say whether such frankness should be punished."

Without leaving the box, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty" and added a rider expressing the hope that next time Miss Wilkinson would "say it with bricks."

Captain who Faints for a LIVING

WHEN the Bishop of Stepney was leaving the Church of St. Barnabas, Stepney, recently, he found a man lying in the grounds, seemingly in a state of complete collapse.

Summoning assistance, he had the man carried inside. A warm stimulant was administered to the stranger, whose appearance suggested that he had suffered great privations, and nearly two hours elapsed before he attempted to speak.

Then he introduced himself as Captain Herbert Stuart, telling a pitiful story of a dying wife, a stricken child, prolonged starvation, and a fruitless search for work.

In spite of his seedy appearance, the captain spoke in cultured tones.

The Bishop lent a sympathetic ear to the man's story, saw that he was supplied with clothing, gave him financial assistance, and even had him sent in a taxi to the home address he gave.

We are very sorry to state that the Bishop has been shamefully imposed upon.

Captain Stuart, notwithstanding his elaborately convincing appeals, and pitiful appearance, is really a unique type of crook, known in the picturesque slang of the underworld as a "dummy-chucker."

Only a few days after he had imposed upon the Bishop of Stepney he was found lying "unconscious" upon a Hampstead pavement.

"Sob-stuff" Stuart

Sympathetic passers-by, including an undergraduate, assisted him to a near by Tube station, and some thoughtful person brought him some brandy to "bring him round."

Recovering with realistic sighs, he explained that he had suffered from severe heart attacks ever since the war.

The undergraduate kindly offered to see him home, and on the way the captain related vivid stories of how he had been wounded and gassed in Flanders, and how ill-luck had dogged him in the days of peace.

His wife, he said, was a victim of tuberculosis, while his own uncertain health rendered it impossible for him to do any hard work, though he did a little free-lance journalism.

His collapse that day he attributed to hunger.

He spoke regretfully of happier days at Clifton College, Bristol, and Christ's College, Cambridge, adding that his pride forbade him to approach any Old Boys' associations for help.

In his extremity he had chosen rather to pawn his underclothing, his best hat and his umbrella; he had nothing left now, and his ailing wife and child were faced with the workhouse.

The undergraduate was so touched by the captain's plausible story that he readily emptied his pockets and promised in parting to approach certain societies on the other's behalf.

Chicago's loss

On another occasion Captain Stuart singled out as his victim a famous American millionaire, Mr. W. B. Leeds, who was on a visit to this country from Chicago.

He watched his opportunity, and threw himself heavily to the ground at the millionaire's feet as he was leaving a chemist's shop in the West End.

Mr. Leeds, who is well known for his philanthropy, never suspected that the stranger was an impostor.

He arranged for Stuart to have medical attention, gave him a generous sum of money, and drove him home in his own car to rooms that the captain was then occupying in Oxford Gardens, Bayswater.

For months Stuart contrived to take advantage of the millionaire's kindness of heart, and mulct him of more than £100 before his deceit was discovered.

Dozens of people, including clergymen, solicitors and wealthy ladies, have similarly assisted Captain Stuart, believing him to be a genuine sufferer.

Even charitable societies have been taken off their guard by this plausible humbug, who, at some time or other, has imposed upon the Church Army, the Council of Social Service, the Professional Classes Aid Council and the Friends of the Poor Society.

A little while ago the captain was appealing to people for money to enable him to buy tents with a view to taking his sick wife to the coast for the benefit of her health.

Some of his victims were told that she had been under prolonged treatment at St. George's Hospital and the famous Brompton Hospital for tuberculosis.

But they were not told that reports had been issued by both institutions regarding her unsatisfactory conduct, or that doctors had stated in writing that they had failed to find any trace of the disease from which she was supposed to be suffering.

Various provincial towns have been the scene of Captain Stuart's operations, and his exploits at Southend show another side of his character.

He stayed at three addresses there with his wife and child, was ejected from one, and departed from the others without paying his rent or the various heavy bills he had run up with local tradespeople.

One landlady discovered that the captain had broken open the gas-meter and stolen all its contents, while several local ministers and a local religious fellowship were induced to help him financially.

Several charity organisations which have got to know of him through victims have invited him to their offices to give particulars of himself for verification; but such invitations have mostly been ignored.

On one recent occasion, however, he elected to attend. Accused of being an impostor, he had the audacity to admit that his methods of obtaining cash were "ethically" wrong, but that he could not be prosecuted under the present law.

Perhaps the worst victim is a young Devonshire girl, who met him some time ago when he was canvassing in the provinces.

He did not tell *her* about his sick wife and child, but made ardent love to her and proposed marriage.

Believing all his stories of school and college and military rank, the girl, who was only eighteen, accepted his proposal.

He ruthlessly deserted her in Birmingham, leaving her to get back to her home in Devon as best she could.

In mid-ocean

Captain Stuart has preyed upon others in one way or another for years, and he has often secured large advances by giving his assurance that he had a lot of money coming from a wealthy American friend who was on his way across the Atlantic.

That friend has never landed, and while he remains in mid-ocean the captain's benefactors remain unpaid.

Altogether, Captain Herbert Stuart is a shameless rogue, whose baseness we are delighted to expose.

Duped by the "dummy-chucker"—"The Bishop has been shamefully imposed upon"

Over the Bishop's shoulder is W. B. Leeds. He went back to Chicago . . . and left £100 behind with Captain Stuart

—*Weekly Informations from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS—

Don't Leap in the DARK!

HAVE letters of lament that I receive, telling of lost savings and dashed hopes, come from readers who are far too trusting.

A case in point concerns a Leicester man, who was attracted by an advertisement in a local newspaper stating that an investing partner was required in a progressive building company.

Writing for further particulars, he eventually saw one Basil R. Jarvis, who made himself so impressive and charming that the applicant never thought of doubting his intentions.

Jarvis explained that his business was established on sound lines, and that an investing partner would receive an appropriate share of excellent profits to come. But he needed a cash investment of £150.

* * *

Jocularly, he pointed out that the investor need have no fear of losing his money, as £160 was due at that moment from the local authorities for one building contract alone.

The smartness of this builder's office seemed to substantiate the story of prosperity which Mr. Jarvis unfolded, and the applicant closed at once with the partnership.

His £150 savings went to Jarvis.

* * *

It was agreed that the investor should be permitted to take a fairly active part in the firm's business, and a definite date was fixed for him to present himself at the office to take up his new duties.

Alas! when the appointed day came the investor found the impressive office closed, and Basil R. Jarvis was nowhere to be found.

Further surprises awaited him when he came to make enquiries in the district. He was not the only trusting soul who had made Mr. Jarvis a present of £150, while countless creditors were also clamouring for the missing builder.

Although I deeply sympathise with all who have lost their money in this way, I cannot help feeling that they have only themselves to blame.

Had they troubled to make even the most elementary enquiries, they would have found that the story related by Jarvis was entirely false; that he had no building business at all, and that no contract had ever been considered by the local authorities.

The truth is that Basil R. Jarvis is a thorough-paced scoundrel of a roving disposition.

People who have been victimised in this way are to be found throughout the country, in places as far apart as Liverpool and Cardiff, Scarborough and Manchester.

* * *

It is some consolation to know that he has not always escaped his dues, and has served sentences for both fraud and larceny; but no one will dispute that he has more than earned a further term of imprisonment.

Meanwhile, others may profit by the sad experience of his victims, and make it a fixed rule to investigate every proposition fully before parting with money.

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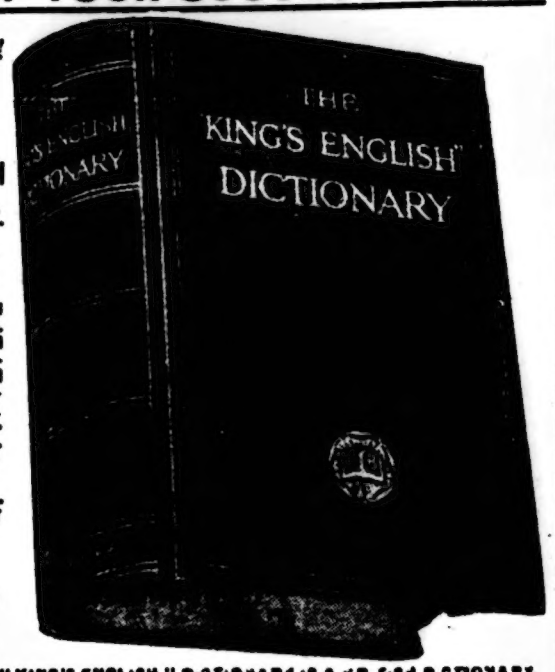

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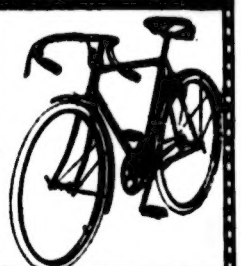

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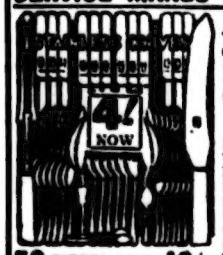

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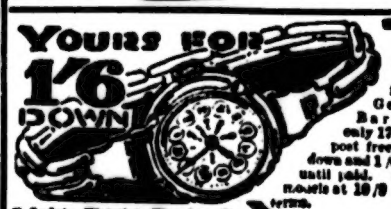

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Gent's Luminous Wrist Watch. Tastefully designed case; jewelled movements. Guaranteed Five Years. Clear cut dial, assorted designs; brilliantly luminous hands and figures. Chromium Plated case, tarnish proof
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We want every cyclist to try our New 1930 "Exo" UNPUNCTURABLE Cycle Tyre, and for the time being we are prepared to supply at HALF-PRICE. Sold everywhere at 8/6. Fitted with Unique Puncture Shield—the only shield which does not "slow" the speed. No more roadside delays—no more messy patching.

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Thousands sold—thousands delighted. Thousands of testimonials. Price 4/3. Post 9d. Two 9/- post paid. State size. MONEY BACK TERMS. Send for FREE catalogue of Cycles, Accessories, Novelties, etc.
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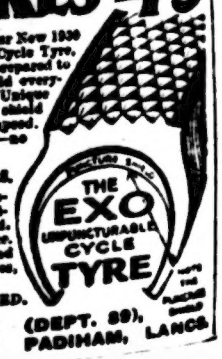


MOORHOUSES (DEPT. 89), PADIHAM, LANCS.

MYSTERY BEAUTY'S Blackmail Crusade

BEHIND a seemingly trivial incident that was briefly reported in the Press a few days ago lies an almost incredible story of a beautiful young widow's persistent victimisation of men of good position and character.

This story we are enabled to give exclusively.

The widow, who gave her name as Mrs Clara Fox, and who boasts an address in Kensington, London, S.W., is always fashionably attired.

She appears to be the essence of refinement, but can be fatally captivating, as we shall show.

She recently approached a police-officer in Tottenham Court Road, and, displaying great agitation, complained that three men, whom she pointed out driving off in a car, had made her acquaintance by a trick and had attempted to rob her of her handbag, containing a large sum of money.

Dangerous woman

The car was soon out of sight, of course, and the woman thereupon dwelled all kinds of abuse at the officer, asserting that he had taken no steps to stop her assailants.

The outcome was that the officer had no alternative but to arrest her on a charge of using insulting language.

Satisfied that the woman's conduct merited a conviction, Mr. Hay Halkett, the Marylebone magistrate, fined her £2.

Mr. Halkett was informed that the police had received previous complaints, and regarded her as a dangerous woman, and he ordered her detention in an observation-ward so that a medical opinion could be given regarding the state of her mind.

In that particular set of circumstances Mr. Hay Halkett could do no more: but in view of the startling facts we have gleaned about "Mrs. Clara Fox," we have no hesitation in saying it is a scandal that drastic action was not taken against her long ago.

Over a period of nearly two years this exquisite young widow, whose simple charm serves to cloak a coldly designing character, has been using all her arts to inveigle men into compromising positions.

Those who have ignored her demands for cash as the price of silence have been threatened with public exposure, and in some cases she has even threatened to lay information against them with the police.

A few months ago she prevailed upon a man who had hired a car from a West End garage to give her a lift to an address in Chelsea.

When the car was in the vicinity of a police-station the driver suddenly heard high words, and a moment later the woman called on him to stop.

She then protested, with every appearance of genuine distress, that her companion had grievously molested her.

When the man—whose indignation was *not* feigned—strenuously denied the charge, she instantly hailed a policeman.

Missing notes

They all went to the police-station, where the woman described herself as Miss Hilda Switzer, and gave an address in Kensington Park Road.

She then lodged a series of charges against the man of a very serious character.

The man was naturally very upset by her unspeakable allegations, and averred that, meeting the woman casually, he had foolishly agreed to accompany her to Chelsea.

He had not molested her, he declared, and a number of Treasury notes found in her handbag had been stolen from him while they were in the car.

Enquiries by the police, who were satisfied that the man was telling the truth, showed that the name of "Hilda Switzer" was unknown at the address given, so the charge was not proceeded with.

Shortly after this, two other men were separately charged at different London police-stations in precisely similar circumstances.

In one case the charges were made by a "Miss Hilda Laclere"; in the other by a "Miss Mavis Denny," both giving addresses in the vicinity of Notting Hill.

In both instances the police refused to take the charges, which is not surprising, since both the addresses given were false, and the only woman involved was "Mrs. Clara Fox," who changes her aliases at will.

These are but a few instances in which this woman's victims have only escaped standing in the dock on false charges by a miracle.

Some, however, smarting under the shockingly unjust allegations, have been obliged to appear before a magistrate in court, in spite of the unpleasant publicity thereby entailed.

Trapped chauffeur

Not long ago a chauffeur, in the employ of a wealthy man residing in the Paddington district, was driving the empty car back to the garage late one night when he overtook a well-dressed young woman, who appeared to be in great distress.

The good-natured fellow pulled up and listened sympathetically when she complained of feeling very unwell.

Unhesitatingly, he volunteered to take her to her home, which, she stated, was in Ladbroke Gardens, North Kensington.

But once in the car the woman made an astonishing recovery and demanded money from the startled chauffeur, who, when he indignantly refused her demands, was given into custody.

The usual grave charges were laid against this man by the widow, who this time adopted the name of "Miss Hilda Brown."

The unfortunate chauffeur actually had to defend his honour in the dock; but while the magistrates promptly dismissed the case, the widow was quite unperturbed, and started off on her sinister career again almost immediately.

Since the summer of 1928 she has been the subject of repeated complaints, and the many assumed names she has used include "Beryl Myers," "Mavis Bowen," "Mary Alton," "Beryl Switzer" and "Beryl Bryce."

Perhaps the worst example of her shameless conduct was when she had the effrontery to charge a suburban public man with a most outrageous offence.

They fear to tell

Happily, he had the moral courage to face publicity and withstand her demands, with the result that he was immediately vindicated when medical evidence confounded the woman's sinister allegations.

But the nature of her bogus charges makes the majority of her victims reluctant to oppose her, and it is this fact more than anything that has made the finding of evidence against her very difficult.

Several leading C.I.D. officers, under the direction of Chief-Inspector Hambrook, of Scotland Yard, have spent weeks in endeavouring to collect definite evidence; but, owing to the natural reticence of the woman's victims, the police are under a severe handicap.

As far back as November, 1928, Lord Byng personally issued a special warning to all police-officers under his administration.

Why not stopped?

This is all very well; but many people wonder why she was not brought to book long ago, particularly as she has been so active since the warning was issued

We urge Admiral Sir C. W. Royds, K.C.B., C.M.G., who is at present at the helm at Scotland Yard, and whose officers have been so overwhelmed with complaints, to take steps while this mystery woman is under "mental" observation.

That will ensure that there can be no resumption of her sinister activities.

Requires the special attention of Sir C. W. Royds, in charge of Scotland Yard

Sent to an observation ward by Mr. Hay Haikett, the Marylebone magistrate

Good Enough for a Soldier!

THE Board of Control can be tragically funny when endeavouring to prevent its blunders from being challenged.

Consider its attitude towards Noel Chamberlain, whom it insists upon holding as a mental deficient, although conclusive proof has been forthcoming as to his sanity.

Young Noel is held at the Royal Eastern Counties Institution, Colchester, though whilst on leave in 1928 he showed his mettle by obtaining work on a farm.

Knowing that the Board would never leave him in such peaceful employment, the lad joined the Suffolk Regiment when his leave expired instead of reporting back to the institution.

This was too much for the autocratic Board.

* * *

How dare young Noel be fit to work? How dare he be fit enough to pass the exacting medical examinations—and the mild educational test? How dare he attempt to lead a normal life?

The Board showed its indignation by hauling the boy back to captivity, and now it is making a further gesture of authority

It will not let poor Noel go home to see his mother and family because it declares, "being at home always seems to make him do silly things."

So, in the eyes of the super-'crats, it is "silly" for a lad to earn his own living on a farm or to enter the Army!

* * *

In the same letter the medical superintendent of the Royal Eastern Counties Institution writes that if Noel is allowed to go home, "a binding promise" would be required from his parents that his sole object would be to see them and "nothing else whatever."

Why the necessity for a binding promise unless the officials are afraid that their contention that Noel is mentally deficient will be scouted by some mental specialists?

For it was scouted by the military doctors who passed him as fit for service when he was last out.

Noel Chamberlain has shown that he is capable of earning his living in at least two callings.

He should be released, not on conditional leave, but with complete freedom to follow the plough, join the Army, or pursue any normal calling he chooses.

New Hair for all

LATEST TRIUMPH OF "RADIO-ACTIVITY"

"JOHN BULL" READERS TO BENEFIT AT ONCE BY FREE TRIAL SUPPLY OF "RADIO-ACTIVE" HAIR TONIC

Offer Open to Men and Women Alike whose Hair is in any way Deficient, Losing Colour or in Poor Condition.

NO section of the community has greater cause to bless the discovery of that wonderful new force "Radio Activity" than those who have the misfortune to suffer from lack of regular and sufficient hair growth.

The fact that it has been rendered possible for the hitherto totally bald actually to grow new hair is surely one of the greatest marvels of this or any other century.

This welcome discovery is not only heartening to the bald, but all whose hair is Falling, Choked and Strangled with Scurf, Deficient in Colour or Lustre, turning or already Grey or White, Brittle, Greasy, or indeed afflicted with any of the numerous ailments which affect the hair and scalp.

YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE RESTORED & PRESERVED.

Anything that can help to preserve one's youthful appearance is certainly a priceless boon, and such is the description that can be applied to the wonderful Hair Growing system devised and conducted by Mr. Frederick Godfrey, the Derbyshire Hair Specialist.

REMARKABLE FREE OFFER.

He now offers to every reader of JOHN BULL an exceptional opportunity to prove the value of his discovery. In other words, Mr. Godfrey is prepared to send to every reader of this paper who is troubled with any kind of hair disorder or hair deficiency a free trial supply of his wonderful Radio-Active Hair Tonic, which has already proved a boon to hundreds upon hundreds of weak and failing haired people of both sexes up and down the country.

All that is necessary is to fill in the form which appears at the foot of this announcement, taking care to mention the nature of your Hair Complaint.

Mr. Godfrey will immediately forward, free of any cost or obligation, a generous trial supply of his unique preparation, which has proved its unfailing success under the most exacting tests.

Mr. FREDERICK GODFREY, the leading British Hair Specialist, whose discovery of the value of Radio-Activity in relation to Hair Growth is one of the most important Scientific Achievements of recent times.

Miss S. attributes her wonderful head of hair to the remarkable hair-growing powers of the new "Ra io-Active" Treatment. Read her striking endorsement of its efficacy opposite.

Dear Sir,—

Enclosed you will find photograph, which I am pleased to send you. Now you can see for yourself the wonderful progress your treatment has made. My head was in a terrible condition, and for years I tried many well-known hair-restorers. I was always trying to get something new, but never seemed to get any results at all. Also I bought an electric comb, but still no results. I must bless the day I wrote to you for treatment, for slowly but surely I have grown a beautiful head of hair which is admired by everybody.

E.N.S. (Brixton).

WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT: HAIR THICK AND WAVY.

"It has grown so thick and wavy that I like it much better than I did before I lost it; also, it has quite regained its natural colour." Miss L.

The ageing effect of baldness upon one's appearance could not be more strikingly depicted than in this picture and its companion above, which shows the same individual with a new growth of hair as obtained by the application of Mr. Godfrey's treatment.

BEAUTIFUL CURLY HAIR OBTAINED.

"My hair had gone fearfully thin, and I didn't think it would do any good. Now it's really lovely, and curly, too." Miss S.

BALD PATCHES ALL GONE.

"I am glad to say that I have now got a full head of hair, thanks to your treatment."

GREAT RESULTS FROM FIRST MONTH'S TREATMENT.

"I have received great results from your first month's treatment. The bald patches are covered with new hair." C. E.

BETTER HAIR NOW THAN FOR TEN YEARS.

"My hair is coming on wonderful, even on the crown, where I was quite bald." S. J. B.

The same man as in the picture below, but what a remarkable difference. He looks at least 20 years younger. If you are bald you will not be an opportunity of effecting a similar transformation in your age-appearance.

SUCCESSFUL IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

In INDIA wonderful results have been obtained. Members of the Reigning Houses are numbered amongst those who have acclaimed the new system.

From NEW ZEALAND: "I am pleased with the results of your treatment. The almost bald patches are now hardly noticeable, the hair is soft and glossy."

AUSTRALIA: "It has improved my hair wonderfully. New hair is growing nicely on place where once bald."

SOUTH AFRICA: "My hair has become thick and glossy and is no longer falling out. This treatment has really been a pleasant surprise, since all the others I have tried have been failures."

SUDAN: "Working wonders."

HOLLAND: "New hair is growing rapidly."

THE EXPERIENCE OF THESE DELIGHTED MEN AND WOMEN CAN BE YOURS, TOO!

POST THIS FORM NOW FOR YOUR

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY OF RADIO-ACTIVE HAIR TONIC

To F. GODFREY (J.B. Special Offer Dept.)
WHATSTANDWELL, MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE

NAME .....

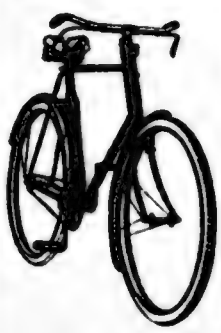
ADDRESS .....

.....

My Hair Ailment is } .....

I enclose 1½d. stamps (value) towards cost of postage and packing.

Rudge-Whitworth



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8/6 MONTHLY

The only machine with the weather-proof ALL RUBBER PEDAL.

Crescent Model

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£4 - 19 - 6

Coupon for FREE Booklet.

To RUDGE-WHITWORTH, Ltd., Coventry.

Please mail me by return your 1930 Art Cycle Catalogue with particulars of Easy Payments.

Name _____

Address _____

J.B 223 ½d. if unsealed.

F. HODGSON & SONS, LEEDS, "GALAXY" BLANKET SALE

8 BLANKETS 21/-

The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

CONTENTS.

6 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished, and with assorted Blue and Hello fancy headings. Extra large, 60 by 78 in. Double bed size, and 2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful Blanket, size 54 by 75 in. bordered. All Blankets neatly whipped edges; wear guaranteed.

This very remarkable offer is made to clear accumulated stocks. Absolute satisfaction certain. Offered below wholesale prices.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull."

With every carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a handsome Rug to match.

On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d., Carr. 1s. extra, we will forward, direct from our looms to your address, one of our

"PRUDENTIAL" Brussoletto REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN **CARPETS**

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc. Handsomely Bordered in New Turkey and Artistic Patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Blankets, Table Linens, Curtains, etc.

POST FREE

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

10/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

Gives Added Zest to the morning rasher

FLETCHERS TOMATO SAUCE

FLETCHER SAUCE CO. LTD. SELBY, YORKS.

FLU! PAIN!

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

Stop the maddening, never-ceasing ache that accompanies flu—in a few minutes! Rub on this clean, white ointment. The tingling, soothing warmth penetrates deep down, draws out the inflammation, stops the pain. *At all Chemists.*

Musterole Flue Products Co., Ltd., London

A Cowardly Official Kick

"Mrs. Coy . . . is now full of despair"

"An ambitious mechanic, it was the chance of a lifetime, and Mr. Coy seized it"

THROUGH the intervention of John Bull the other day, a disillusioned and penniless British artisan and his family have been temporarily saved from eviction and the workhouse.

It is part of the daily routine of this journal unobtrusively to shield people from the buffetings of fortune.

We mention this case only because it is one of the worst of the kind with which we have ever had to deal, and one which demands apology and urgent restitution by the Government of Australia.

A more pitiable tragedy of red-tape and official callousness could not be conceived than the one contained in the following facts:

Mr. Vincent Coy, of Queen's Gate Mews, Kensington, is a skilled engineer and inventor.

He served with the Navy during the war as a special-service gunner, and since then has been foreman-engineer at one of London's largest garages.

Last autumn Mr. Coy, in the course of his professional duties, met Mr. Eustace Cameron, of Mona Vale, Tasmania, a wealthy Australian landowner and farmer.

Mr. Cameron was then in London, and, by invitation, was returning a visit to the Duke and Duchess of York, to whom he was host when their Royal Highnesses were in Tasmania three years ago.

Attracted by Mr. Coy's capability, Mr. Cameron offered him the post of chief engineer on his estates, to take charge of extensive refrigerating-plant and general agricultural machinery.

The salary offered was generous, and the contract further stipulated the provision, rent-free, of a large house and full maintenance of Mr. Coy and his family for one year.

Tragic rebuff

To an ambitious mechanic it was the chance of a lifetime, and Mr. Coy quickly seized it.

But instead of reaching the prosperity that awaited him in Tasmania, he is still in this country, reduced to misery, poverty, and the verge of homelessness.

It was necessary to have the contract ratified by the Australian Migration and Settlement Office, and for Mr. Cameron officially to nominate Mr. Coy for an assured situation.

This was done at Australia House, and, before he sailed, Mr. Cameron deposited with the emigration authorities the passage-money for both Mr. Coy and his wife, and gave instructions for the receipt to be made out in their names.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy and their eighteen-months-old son were next medically examined at their own expense by an Australian Government doctor in London. All of them were certified to be fit for the new life overseas.

Arrangements were then made that the Coys should sail in the ss. *Euripides* seven weeks later.

The authorised agents of the Australian Government booked the passage and prepared certificates of identity for Mr. and Mrs. Coy, after an official request for their photographs.

Packing up

So far, in fact, were the arrangements advanced that it was suggested to Mr. Coy in the interval that he should reserve superior accommodation for himself and his family to that which had been first allotted to them for the voyage.

He accepted the offer, and paid an additional £12 for the purpose.

Naturally, Mr. Coy began to make preparations for departure. A fortnight before the sailing-date fixed he gave notice to his employer to terminate his engagement.

He proceeded also to sell the contents of his home, leaving himself only a bed, a table, and a few chairs.

On the day after he did so came the first shock. It was a bald intimation, without a word of explanation, that the Director of Migration had cancelled his nomination.

He sought in vain for weeks at Australia House for an interview and a reason.

The *Euripides* sailed, and only then was he received by an official, who hinted to him that the last-minute refusal had been in consequence of medical objections.

As a later event proved, this was a ridiculous and unwarranted suggestion.

The real reason, we suspect, was that the Australian authorities had then decided to bar the door against the admission of all trained British workers to their country.

They are doing so now, even to those with guaranteed and satisfactory situations, and irrespective of the large sum which the Commonwealth Government is accepting every year from the British Government for settlement purposes.

Mr. Coy, whose job had been filled, took them at their word, however, and, challenging the explanation offered to him, demanded another medical examination of the strictest kind

Not until two months after the first refusal, and only after approaches had been made to the Australian High Commissioner and Members of Parliament, did the emigration officials concede reconsideration of his case. He was then examined by the chief medical officer at Australia House. There is no doubt about the doctor's verdict.

Mr. Coy was told that he was perfectly sound, and he was sent again to the official agents for passages to be reserved once more for himself and his family.

Again hope fails

The ss. *Moreton Bay* was sailing five days later from Southampton, and a cabin was reserved for them.

All this time the Coys had been living in an empty house, and their capital had now dwindled to a few shillings. It was with relief, therefore, that they beheld the new prospect of a quick departure.

But they had not reckoned with the brutal caprices of the Australian emigration department.

Three days before they were due for the second time to sail there arrived another curt intimation that their emigration was forbidden, again without explanation or the slightest expression of sympathy in the terrible plight to which they had been reduced.

The extraordinary fact transpires that this second medical examination and the making of new arrangements for their sailing were only waste of time.

Five weeks before, although the receipt was in Mr. Coy's name and he had not been informed, Australia House had sent back the passage-money to Mr. Cameron in Tasmania and had thus automatically and finally made void that gentleman's nomination.

Representations were made to the British Legion on Mr. Coy's behalf, and that organisation immediately undertook to guarantee the passage-money. Its offer was turned down.

That was nearly three months ago, and since then the Coy family have been living in utter destitution in an empty house.

Mr. Coy has now been summoned for £17 arrears of rent, and the court gave the landlord an order for possession, to take effect last week.

What a mockery!

Mrs. Coy, who is expecting a baby soon, is ill from despair and want of proper food and comforts. It has been futile for her husband, while unemployed, to search for other accommodation.

We have been successful in having the eviction delayed.

The hoardings of Britain are placarded with notices that "Australia Wants Men." They are a grim mockery of the facts.

In the case of Mr. Coy, the High Commissioner for Australia must do something—quickly.

The Biggest "Helping" to the Workers' Help

NUMEROUS complaints have arisen in various parts of the country from people who have been victimised by canvassers of "The Workers' Help Society."

One such canvasser was recently in Derbyshire, and the manner in which he imposed upon a Woodville resident will serve to illustrate his methods.

Dressed with shabby gentility to suggest that he was "poor but honest," he respectfully tendered a card, bearing the name of Walford Lawson Allen, representing the Workers' Help Society, Bull Ring, Birmingham.

The society, he explained, was whole-heartedly devoted to solving the unemployment problem, and had already made rapid strides in that direction.

* * *

It had established its own farms, where men who had previously been on the "dole" were now engaged in healthy, congenial labour, and it was hoped that further schemes would follow.

Its ambition was to be entirely self-supporting by marketing its produce on a widespread scale.

A system of canvassing had now been devised that would minimise distribution costs whilst serving at the same time to advertise the society.

As a special bargain, he was empowered to offer 5 lb. of the best butter for 6s 8d., and he asked the householder to remember that it was all in a good cause.

He booked an order, obtaining cash in advance.

* * *

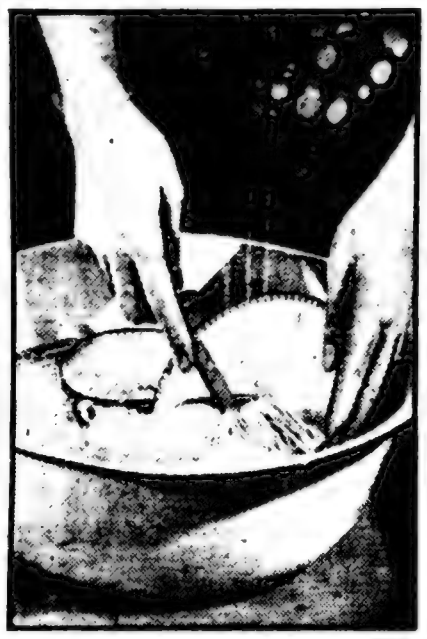
The promised butter has never come to hand, but the householder has since learnt that other people in the district have paid similar sums, and that while some are in the same boat as herself and have received nothing, a few have received packages of rank margarine.

Meanwhile, in other districts, canvassers of the Workers' Help Society have been calling upon business firms and have been booking orders for asbestos tiles.

In these cases a special bargain consignment has been offered for £23 odd, and deposits of £2 have been obtained in advance. The tiles have never been delivered

It has been established that no Workers' Help Society is known at the Birmingham address that is always given, so it behoves householders and others to be prepared should any self-helping canvasser visit them.

"My hands *needed* this protection"



"Although I am busy all day in the house and garden, I find I can keep my hands beautifully smooth and white by putting 'Vaseline' Jelly on them each night before retiring, and after washing, too. Hands need this protection; it's so simple and yet it enables one to be proud of one's hands!"

MISS YVONNE MOSS
London, S.W.2

THERE are endless things to do in a busy household. Many of them mean constant immersion of the hands in water. Unless care is taken, this often makes them rough.

Like other women who value the appearance of their hands, avoid painful chapping by rubbing on a little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly at night, or after washing! For "Vaseline" Jelly supplements the natural protecting oils of the skin—prevents the drying effect of constant washing.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is obtainable at chemists' and stores in jars and tins. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., London.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

FREE to you! Booklet "The Charm of Childhood." Post this coupon. 7120

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Dept. V13e, Victoria Rd., Willesden, N.W.10.

Please send me your free booklet.

Name .....

Address .....

Catarrh BRONCHITIS, ADENOIDS, TONSILS &c.

can be successfully treated at home by my method. Allow no operations on nose or throat before reading my booklet—sent free. Enclose 1½d. for postage. Consultations daily 'Phone: Holborn 2130. Advice by post.

Lt.-Col. Kynaston

Room 2,17, New Oxford St., London, W.C. 1.

VIGOROUS & ACTIVE
BRIGHT and CHEERFUL..., HEALTHY APPETITE

Speedy disappearance of Indigestion, Weakness, and Sleeplessness ensured by

PHOSFERINE
BRAND TONIC

"MY wife has suffered a number of years with indigestion, sleeplessness, weak nerves, and loss of appetite, weak stomach, and various other complaints, and I am positive that Phosferine Brand Tonic Tablets do her wonderful good and soon overcome these disorders. She is 67 years of age and very delicate. I always have a bottle of Phosferine Tonic Tablets on hand, which has been customary for many years, and I shall continue to recommend them to all my friends and neighbours and know they are using them with much benefit. I am sure that Phosferine Tonic Tablets have done me, and especially my wife, a world of good. They keep us in good spirits, cheerful and bright, and they give me a healthy appetite, and I feel much more vigorous and active without any tiredness afterwards. Phosferine Tonic is a wonderful help, especially for people getting on in years, it eases the strain on the system—one can get about more and do things more comfortably." Mr. F. Wyatt, late Station Inspector, Southern Railway Victoria, London, 97, Cottage Grove, Stockwell, S.W.9

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BRAND TONIC

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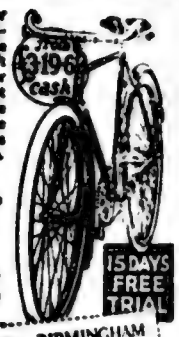

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The NEW MAD DOG NEXT DOOR!

by A. G. GARDINER

On opposite sides of the I border French and Italian bayonets bristle—

—while MacDonald and Stimson are making a world-gesture of peace

IT is time we said a few plain words about the Naval Conference. Days have merged into weeks, weeks have merged into months, and still we are very much where we were before the conference began.

There is no apparent reason why we should ever get any further, or why the delegates gathered here in London should ever see their homelands again.

There are plenary meetings and sectional meetings, and private confabs and committee enquiries and week-ends at "Chequers."

The conference was called to see how far the five naval Powers of the world—Britain, America, France, Italy and Japan—could agree to go in the reduction and limitation of naval armaments

All others willing

Britain and America, as the two dominant naval Powers, had already come within sight of a practical understanding that removed all fear of naval competition between them.

It was the task of the conference to bring France, Italy and Japan into harmonious co-operation with that understanding.

But from the beginning all progress has been blocked by a "No Thoroughfare" notice. The signature to that notice is not Japan; nor is it Italy. Both those countries have shown that they have no wish to crab the conference.

The wet-blanket of the conference is France. We cannot pretend that she did not warn us that she meant to be the wet-blanket. From the opening of the MacDonald-Hoover negotiations her Press was mobilised against the new movement.

But she saw in the accommodation between the two English-speaking countries a menace to her policy. Her Press denounced it as an Anglo-American scheme to dominate the world, and from the first announcement of the conference it was apparent that France meant mischief.

She did not like the programme; she could not discuss naval armaments without regard to land armaments. She did not like the conference meeting in London; she could not trust her statesmen in such a seductive and perfidious city.

She even contemplated refusing to come, as she had refused to go to the Geneva Conference called by President Coolidge.

But she came, and her contribution to a conference called to reduce naval armaments was a demand that she should be permitted to increase her own on a scale that shocked the conference and shocked the world.

It is that demand that has brought the whole machine to a standstill.

It has been put forward on the familiar and threadbare plea of "security." Under that plea, the plea that France is in danger, she has blackmailed her allies for ten years.

She has built up the most formidable military machine that has been seen in Europe since the days of Napoleon.

She is supreme in the air. She is supreme under the water, and refuses to discuss the abolition of the submarine. She has entered into military undertakings with half a score of minor Powers.

Dissatisfied with the protection given her by the Covenant of the League of Nations, she got us to guarantee her security on the Rhine by the Locarno agreement.

Apart from her overwhelming military power, she has thus three guarantees of defence—the Covenant, the Locarno agreement, the Kellogg Pact.

And it is not enough.

The war-mind

While all the rest of the world wants naval disarmament, she wants more naval armaments, especially more submarines.

Either this or another guarantee—a Mediterranean Locarno, to protect her from Heaven knows whom.

America, of course, will not enter into such a guarantee. And we ought not to enter into such a guarantee.

If we did so, it would not satisfy France, for the plain fact is that she believes neither in guarantees of peace nor in disarmament.

Her mentality is the mentality of war, and she thinks in no other terms.

She disclosed her hand at the first Naval Conference at Washington nearly ten years ago.

She sandbagged a complete naval agreement between the Powers which would have saved the nations hundreds of millions of money and made disarmament by this time a reality.

Since then, by every device, but always under the panic cry of "security," she has resisted each movement away from the war spirit and towards reconciliation.

She plunged into the Ruhr and put back the clock of events by five years. She refused to leave the Rhine, and would have kept there until this day but for the change of Government here.

And all the time she has been piling up armaments and more armaments—on land, in the air, under the water.

She has done this with British money and American money, for she has spent on armaments what should have been paid to the creditors who not only gave her the victory in the war, but financed her own share in it.

This cannot go on, and the time has come to make it clear to France that it cannot go on.

If France will come in, we shall rejoice. We want her to come in. It is vital to her, if she will only see it, that she should come in.

I am not sure that, much as I dislike it, I would not pay the price of a Mediterranean agreement if that would really bring her in and change her impossible outlook.

But whether she comes in or stays out, she must not bring this conference to disaster as she has brought others. If France will not march with us, we must march without her

Britain, America and Japan can and will save the conference from defeat.

Left in the cold

They can, should, and I believe will, make a three-Power agreement, even if there cannot be a five-Power agreement. And in making that agreement they would have the sympathy of Italy, who would join them but for the recalcitrancy of France.

When this is done, France will find herself isolated. Then indeed she will have reason to be anxious about "security."

Then she will clamour for admission to the confederation that she has done her best to defeat.

HOME CRUELTY

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WE hear much nowadays of the self-will and hardness of young people towards their elders; but there is still plenty of suffering caused by tyranny the other way round.

It is a ghastly thing that children should grow up to detest their parents, and when they do, the principal part of the blame lies at the door of the parents.

A home with no love in it, where a kind word is scarcely ever spoken by the head of the house to the other members of the family, and where the exercise of petty power is habitually inconsiderate and unjust, is about the worst possible training-ground for young life.

Escape from it is only a matter of time on the part of sons and daughters, and they carry their bitter memories with them.

CANON PETER GREEN, of Manchester, tells us that a fine young fellow on one occasion was looking at a photograph of the Canon's father on the vicarage mantelpiece:

"It must be funny to have a father you can respect. Mine has never been anything but a curse to us all ever since I can remember."

This kind of father often becomes a heavy burden on the family resources in after-years, and it is hardly in accordance with human nature that such a burden should be cheerfully borne.

And how many married women are there who put up with a worthless husband through many long and weary years rather than expose their children to the chances of want and misfortune in this cold world?

The authority I have just quoted writes:

"Some time ago a working-man, one of the very finest characters I ever knew, said to me, 'Do you know what I did the night before I was married? I went down on my knees and prayed I might never make any woman as miserable as my father made my mother.'"

THAT the woman you vowed to love and cherish should dread the sound of your footstep is the severest judgment that could be passed on your character.

But it is not always the father who is the ogre of the home.

Once in a sermon I made some reference to the self-sacrificing character of maternal love. I said there was nothing more beautiful or more divine in all the world.

As the congregation dispersed a man remarked to one of my officials: "I suppose Dr. Campbell thinks there are no bad mothers. He should have known mine."

Parents, be careful of the example you show to your children. Harshness and want of sympathy are an evil kind of seed to sow in young hearts. Their harvest is hate.

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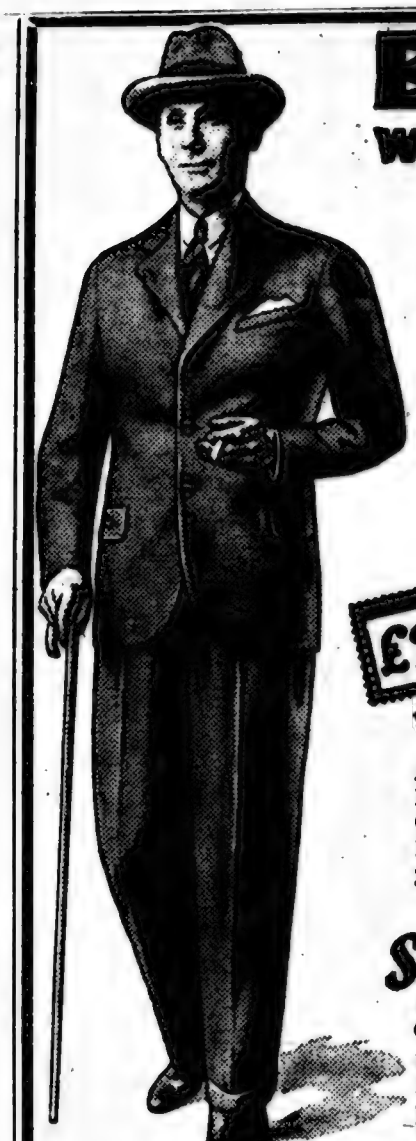

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Harding, L., 23, South St., Ynyshir, Rhondda.
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Solutions containing one error were received from 113 competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 8s. 11d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" office.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 34. Try Your Skill Now!

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

DEATH-FIGHTERS in Manacles

THE frequency with which hospitals appear in the newspapers as objects of coroners' criticism is becoming distinctly alarming.

The deep-rooted distrust of the poor where hospitals are concerned is not such an imaginative fantasy as some complacent people imagine. It has more than a little foundation in fact.

It is not very long since a baby was found strangled in its cot at one quite famous hospital; even more recently a baby was allowed to drown in its bath at another.

Anyone who has been sufficiently interested to notice these things can produce scores of cases of too-hurried diagnosis of disease, too-early discharge from the wards, carelessness, mishandling, maladministration—the whole gamut from unavoidable accident to gross and culpable carelessness.

The truth is that the voluntary system is not equal to the strain. It is, at best, an unequal fight.

It is neither a dignified nor a pleasant spectacle to see practically every voluntary hospital in the country continually cap in hand in a hopeless endeavour to overcome mountainous debts.

It is not sense, nor is it sound social administration, to see disease and suffering at the mercy of charity, magnificently generous though that charity may be.

Fever hospitals and poor-law institutions are in no better case. For the most part they are hopelessly understaffed.

Disease leads

The hardship falls not only on the overworked nurses, but on the public.

What should be the spearhead of the nation's attack upon disease is too often fighting a hopeless rearguard action

Now, generalisations are never very satisfactory; let us come right down to specific cases. Just now there is a fine old row going on in Middlesbrough over the North Riding Infirmary.

A sub-committee has been investigating the administration of that institution, and it has not hesitated to express itself in unmeasured terms.

"Our enquiries," it says, "have brought to light a state of affairs so grave as to call for decisive action.

"It is impossible for the infirmary to do justice to its patients and supporters in these circumstances, and were they known to the workmen who subscribe so much to the North Riding Infirmary, and who, with their wives and families, form so large a part of the patients, we feel sure there would be an irresistible demand for drastic reform."

The charges brought against the infirmary are certainly sufficient to justify the newspapers in putting them under such headings as "A Damning Indictment," "Tales of Heartless Hospital Treatment," and "Sensational Charges of Neglect."

The committee of enquiry alleges "that patients have not been examined or visited by the responsible person for long periods after serious operations.

"That patients have been prepared for operation two, or even three, times before being operated on; that instances have occurred where the house-surgeon would not get up at night to attend to emergency cases.

"That patients have suffered from inefficient treatment in the out-patient department owing to the almost complete lack of supervision."

And what is being done in the face of these specific allegations?

"The governors of the infirmary," says the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*, "still decline the public enquiry which alone will satisfy the minds of the people of Middlesbrough concerning the administration of the institution."

That is a pretty state of affairs, isn't it? And no one believes that this is the only case; everyone suspects there are others—plenty of others.

I have in front of me a collection of newspaper cuttings gathered together over a not very long period. To say the least of it, they are disturbing.

Here is a case of a baby who died through a defect in the anæsthetising apparatus.

Not his job!

At the inquest the resident anæsthetist said the apparatus was prepared by the nursing staff, *and that it was not his duty to look at it!*

Here is another where a woman died from blood-poisoning following the injection of morphia and digitalis into her arm.

Let me quote the coroner's own words:

"It certainly does not seem right that dangerous drugs like these should be given by probationary nurses, in some cases in the middle of the night *—three of them unqualified persons.* They have not passed an examination, and yet you allow them to pump these poisons into the system of the patient."

Despite this, the verdict was "Death from accidental causes." It always is.

Let me quote another case.

At a Glasgow hospital, because a baby was rather cross and prevented the other children in the ward from settling down, a bed was made for it in the bath.

The nurse, when she went off duty, informed the night nurse that the baby was in the bed in the bathroom.

Let the cutting tell the sequel:

"The night nurse said she had been informed that the baby had been removed to the bath-bed because he was disturbing the other little patients.

"She understood that the child had later been brought back to the ward.

"Damnable torture"

"During her routine visitation of the ward at ten o'clock she found the child was not in his cot. Concluding he was still in the bathroom, she asked another nurse to fetch him. It was then she found that the child was dead."

He had been asphyxiated—but, of course, it was nobody's fault. It never is.

I will only add that among my cuttings is a slashing attack on the fever hospital at Halifax, in which one of the phrases used is "damnable torture," and that another reports equally serious allegations against the Keighley Isolation Hospital, while a third attacks the Salford Hospital.

The willing horse of the hospital, she fights magnificently. Give her a better chance to win through.

From my own personal knowledge and experience, I could supplement the story almost indefinitely.

There is no doubt at all that the time has arrived for a thorough and searching enquiry into the whole question of hospital administration and treatment.

I am not going to say that the voluntary system has failed. It has done wonders against incredible odds.

But the problem has become too vast to be left to spasmodic effort. If there ever was anything that cried aloud for State ownership and State administration, it is the hospital service.

There are not enough hospitals. There are not enough beds in the hospitals that there are. There is not enough staff, and not enough qualification among the staff.

Lastly, but by no means least, there is not enough money.

You have only to look at the waiting-lists of any London hospital to realise the gravity of the position. There is not one that has not hundreds on it.

What we suffer from all this cannot be computed. It is time it was ended.

"Hospital cities"

In the past twelve months alone, to say nothing of previous years, there has been enough evidence of what is going on to warrant an instant enquiry into the whole working of the hospital system.

And if we look a little into the future, what intelligent man could fail to urge the actual erection of "hospital cities" away from the contamination of our towns?

Set amid fresh air and among quiet fields, with every facility and convenience known to medical science, the work of healing the sick could be undertaken in ease and comfort.

What stops us except the will to act?

A community that can spend millions a year on the prevention of disease, and yet allow the actual cure of disease to depend on hand-to-mouth charity amid the grime and noise of cities and towns, has no right to regard itself as more than half-educated in its civic responsibilities.

The Human Machine

SEE—and See Through!

HAVE you ever noticed with what fatal facility mankind blames the past for the mistakes of the present? From individuals up to statesmen the cry is always that it was the other fellow's fault.

Well, it is much easier to denounce than to construct; it is much easier to blame someone for a muddle than to set about the job of clearing up that muddle.

Laziness, whether physical or mental, takes far less effort than activity. But it doesn't get us anywhere. We spend far too much time trying to solve new problems with old methods. We spend far too little time trying to see just a little way ahead so as to prepare for what is coming.

We often see things without making any effort to see through them; yet it is only by seeing through them that we can appreciate their real value, and their real place in the scheme of things.

It is not what a thing is that matters; it is what it means and what we can do with it that counts.

Experience of either things or people is no use unless we use it. It has no value unless we make it valuable. It can teach us nothing unless we are willing to learn.

Mistakes—our own and other people's—are all signposts to better things if we will look on them in the right way. We mostly have to buy our experience anyway; we might as well buy it as cheaply as possible.

If you listen to a little more than you say, think a little more than you do, and give a little more than you take, you will be well on the way to making something worth while out of your life.

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Without Fear—

UNEMPLOYMENT figures are mounting. Mr. J. H. Thomas has worked bravely, but has failed to touch more than the fringe of this gigantic problem. It is now obvious to all that, unless by drastic means which would shake the State to its foundations, it will not be possible for many long years for industry to absorb more than a fraction of the workless.

Can emigration offer a solution? We think so, if it is tackled on a more generous and courageous scale than hitherto.

There are millions of people, in work and out of it, face to face with the relentless conditions of modern industrialism, who look with longing eyes upon the vast untenanted, lovely lands of our Dominions.

They long to get out and away, but when they seek the means they find themselves up against a blank wall.

What has become of the golden promises of ten years ago?

Migration to Canada and Australia has dropped to the merest trickle; South Africa is a closed door.

ALL sorts of bans and restrictions have been set up by the people of the Dominions themselves against the entry of their own kith and kin.

Yet, as we know, there is enough good, healthy land in three continents to dump all of our 45 millions, and still those portions of the earth's surface would be barely scratched.

What is behind this Empire-wide ban? Mainly lack of vision and enterprise, and the abandonment of ideals to a cruel and crude selfishness.

An unwholesome kind of snobbishness, a pettifogging commerciality, taints all our Dominion inter-relations. The attitude towards the average poor migrant is precisely that of the Victorian towards the pauper.

We send them out in droves, paying part of their passage-money, but with nothing more than our blessing and a hypocritical exhortation to them to show their grit.

If they fail, the complacent patriot says: "The pioneers went out under fearful conditions, far worse than to-day; yet they won through."

We are not our ancestors, or anything like them; neither are the people of the Dominions. Our ancestors were bred under rougher conditions; the town tenement-dweller of to-day has more comfort, better clothes than they.

Yet we proved in the trenches that we were capable of sustaining the greatest hardships endured in the history of war.

But migrants do not want to go through such ordeals to win a livelihood in a new land, and there is not the slightest reason, in these days of modern machinery and portable houses, why they should.

The established settlers in the Dominions do not endure terrible hardships, nor have they any more grit than the unfortunate fellow who stands in the "dole" queue to-day.

The image of the rugged pioneer is mainly a delightful mirage. The British navvy on a street job, the miner down a pit, endures as much, and runs a more certain risk of his life.

LET us get down to actual facts. Australia, for instance, insists upon perfect physical fitness, as well as a sound mental equipment, in all migrants from Britain.

Within reason these restrictions may pass; they are not within reason when applied to a puny body which contains a great heart.

That is where present emigration schemes are heartless, thoughtless, superficial. They mean, in so many cases, the breaking-up of families, where one member may be up to the standard, and another not.

He measures up to standard with the pioneers

Who "selected" the original Australians? Not at all against their credit, a proportion of them were selected by the judges of His Majesty of the day, who packed many of them off to Botany Bay under penalties and for penal offences which have since been wiped out as a disgrace to the Statute-book.

But the settlers themselves were not selected. They went out as best they could—in families, groups, and individuals. They made little communities from which sprung the lordly cities of Melbourne and Sydney.

So much for all this cant about grit and the will to work hard over long hours.

—or Favour

It is not hard work that daunts the average migrant to Australia; it is the long hopelessness of any prospect of making a home, a place to live and rear a family, to live happily and die in the peace of modest achievement.

As in Australia, so in Canada, the land-grabbers are at the back of most of the trouble. In these new countries they want to perpetuate that old evil of the land baron.

THE little man can no more get in as an independent landowner in Australia or Canada than he can in England to-day, unless he buys his ground with long years of sweat and toil for the benefit of others.

Unemployment in Australia is serious simply because more than half the people are huddled in a few towns.

Yet the fertile parts of Australia will comfortably support at least another million white people, and ten million more could be tucked away in Canada, and still leave plenty of room.

If we turn to South, East, West and Central Africa, where there are magnificent conditions for European settlement we are told that £2,000 is necessary to start even in a small way.

There it stands: no vision: no honest confrontation of the greater Imperial idea.

Here is the policy: it is not new, but it is so simple and massive, so much in train with Imperial history, that our pettifoggers in power always turn from it.

SHIP the migrants out in handy self-contained communities of anything from ten to thirty thousand, according to the suitability of the land to farming, ranching or general industry.

The land should be available as a free gift to the community. It should be guarded from the land speculator. The proportion of migrants unsuited to land management, who preferred merely to hire their labour, would soon be discovered.

Their land would revert to the community, to be utilised to the best advantage by the more enterprising element.

This would come later, but first equip the migrants, let them select their village elders, and conduct their own affairs according to Dominion law.

Some selection would be needed as to technicians, and skilled tradesmen, accountants, clerks, business managers, and the proportion of the unskilled, but nothing more. The average home-born are as sound and healthy as the average Dominion born.

If we could organise armies such as we put into the field between 1914 and 1918, we can now do this comparatively little thing. It only needs the will and enthusiasm. The organising ability is here.

Under such a plan a million volunteers would come forward, from all the sturdy classes on the border line of poverty.

NO more breaking-up of families; no more the fear of hostile strangers in the newer, brighter battle of life; no land-grabbers. Group them: the London group, the Birmingham, the Manchester, the Glasgow group.

No fear that they would not make good. Emulation would spur them; their own leaders would arise. They would find their souls again.

Would not this be a better way of spending the "dole," and would not the day dawn when the "dole" was no longer needed?

There is to be a great Imperial Conference in London this year. Commerce and tariffs are to be discussed. There is a grave danger the more human element will be overlooked.

That conference will be the moment to raise schemes of migration such as this, schemes that will by their usefulness supply the cement which will bind us and the Dominions together

A MIGHTY TYRANNY *Runs Amok*

The New Tide of Revolution in Rus

ssia's new land-man—lately she d a primitive hoe

The peasant women go to the collective school

For n is the laboricough

The wireless comes to the peasants—their first "listen"

LENIN and Trotsky seized power in November, 1917. But developments which commenced in the Russian village last autumn constitute a more violent, more important, and more penetrating revolution than the original establishment of Bolshevism almost thirteen years ago.

The Soviets are now engaged in turning the Russian village upside down and inside out. The plan is to organise the entire Soviet peasantry — approximately 25,000,000 households, or no fewer than 125,000,000 inhabitants—along socialist, co-operative lines. The work has already commenced. Private capitalism on the land is being exterminated ruthlessly. Individual tilling of the soil is fast disappearing.

Many a Soviet mujhik can no longer call his cow, his horse, his plough, his house, his hoe, his table, his holding his own. He has handed them over to the "Kolkhoz," to the collective.

Feed all together

In that collective, he and his neighbours—in fact, the entire village, and sometimes more than one village—will plough, plant and harvest together, and keep their cattle in a common shelter.

They will eat at a common table as soon as a sufficiently large mess-hall can be erected, sell their grain to the State as a unit, and live out of the proceeds which go to a communal exchequer.

Millions of peasants have already been absorbed into this Socialist system, and vast territories to-day operate on a collective basis.

Moscow's slogan reads: "Every Peasant Must Join a Kolkhoz."

But the task is not a simple one. There never was a narrower, more confirmed private capitalist than the Russian mujhik. There never was a more backward economic unit in Europe than the Russian village.

I have seen its mud-thatched or straw-thatched huts, which frequently lean more perilously than the Tower of Pisa.

I have seen its pestiferous barns, its manure-piles under the windows of living quarters, its malaria-breeding mudholes for humans and cattle to drink from and ducks and geese to swim in.

Frantic jump

Its streets are rut-lined, its implements mediæval; there is no culture, only black superstition and the bondage to vodka.

All these conditions seem to make the worst kind of material for a Socialist experiment as sketched by the late Karl Marx. And yet the Bolsheviks are hard at it.

In fact, the Bolsheviks argue that the very backwardness of Russian agriculture is the best justification of radical reform.

From Czarist autocracy to Communism; from Asiatic methods of agriculture to modern mechanised co-operatives—apparently some law of nature or history enables Russia to change only by jumping frantically from one extreme to the other.

The poor Russian peasant has few tools, no machines, a little capital, and limited scientific knowledge. The Government promises him all these in the collectives.

The peasantry, the backbone of the Soviet Union, therefore gladly flocks into the co-operatives.

But the "middle peasant" moves slowly, with reluctance, while the rich peasant resists. The middle mujhik sees that in the last few years his condition has improved, and that if the State would only stop interfering he would within a reasonable period become well-to-do.

He prefers individual, private, capitalistic production to collective farming.

The Bolsheviks argue, however, that the old methods of agriculture are inefficient, obsolete and conducive to the exploitation of one group of peasants by the other.

Besides, the enrichment of a large class of the peasantry would entrench private capitalism in Russia, and thereby constitute a menace to the Soviet regime.

For a while—during 1927 and 1928—the Soviet Government pursued the negative, dog-in-the-manger policy of preventing the peasants from enriching themselves.

As soon as a mujhik increased the number of his cattle, or began to hire labour, or to rent additional land, the Communist axe cut off his economic head.

He was styled a "kulak" or "fist"—rich peasant—deprived of the right of franchise, and subjected to economic disabilities.

These tactics naturally drove all the kulaks into violent opposition. But it also sowed resentment among the middle peasants, whose ambition, after all, was to be kulaks.

The Government now needed a positive policy. Merely to stunt the growth of the middle peasants who account for about 50 per cent. of Russia's 125,000,000 rural inhabitants, was suicidal. It was economically unwise, and politically dangerous.

The Communists looked for an

The repairing of milk cans is a collective job

in Russia

The Red revolution of 1917 was more terrible, but not so vital, as this of 1930

SEEKING the TRUTH

A SPECIAL correspondent of JOHN BULL is now in Russia, among the peasants, whose lives have hitherto been almost untouched by Sovietism.

Many conflicting stories have appeared in our newspapers about the revolutionary change which is coming over the lives of these millions of simple people.

This article was commissioned with the object of revealing the truth about the "new revolution."

alternative. They found it in the collective.

The poor peasant grasped at the newly-offered opportunity. The middle peasant eyed it suspiciously. He had, he thought, enjoyed a promise of personal, individual enrichment.

But in the collective he would become merely a cog in a tremendous machine; his prosperity would depend on the prosperity of the entire community; he would be very much like a factory proletarian. He did not relish the prospect.

The rich peasant or kulak is unalterably opposed to the new system of collectives for the same reasons that actuate the middle peasant.

Cannot get rich

Yet he has still another, even more serious, cause to resist: the collectives do not admit kulaks. They are considered disfranchised enemies of the State. They are exiled, barred from employment in village and city, and sentenced to economic destruction.

This is part of the bitter fight against private capitalism now raging throughout Russia. The kulak class, variously estimated at 3,000,000 to 5,000,000, is being annihilated.

Though the collectives bar the kulak, they court the "seredniak" or middle mujhik.

And the seredniak has no other choice. He cannot get rich. The State will not permit it.

If he continues as a private farmer the Government will frown upon him, while favouring the co-operatives with machinery, seeds, expert advice and loans.

The tractor, above all, is the lever which is lifting the peasants into the agricultural collectives.

All Russia is tractor mad. The "tank of peace" is expected to solve the problems of socialism on the soil.

Before the war, Russia had 500 tractors. On October 1, 1924, there were 2,560, and on October 1, 1929, 40,000.

Tractor purchases abroad continue to increase. But the Bolsheviks now propose to accelerate their production at home.

The Putilov Works in Leningrad are turning out tractors in mounting quantities, and their output at the end of 1930 is expected to reach 25,000.

At the same time, a gigantic tractor-plant is being erected at Stalingrad on the Volga. It may be finished this year. Its capacity will be 25,000 tractors per annum.

The ambitious Bolsheviks regard even this as too little. The collectives are increasing in number and acreage, and factories built or building cannot meet their needs.

And more yet!

So already the Government has decided to put up another tractor-factory at Kharkov with an annual yield of 50,000, and still another at Nizhni Novgorod to manufacture 25,000 tractors each year.

Voroshilov, the Commissar of War, predicted recently that in 1932 the Soviet Union will be making 200,000 tractors every twelve months.

Simultaneously, the production of agricultural implements has multiplied manyfold.

This incredible, frantic effort at mechanisation of agriculture forms an irresistible impulse towards collectivisation.

Ploughing, harrowing, winnowing, threshing with the aid of tractors has such obvious advantages over the use of Russian primitive farming equipment that more and more peasants knock at the doors of the collectives, and the Government suppresses the rich individual while smiling on the group farm.

For the mujhik, as well as for the nation as a whole, collective farming boasts certain undeniable handicaps over private tilling.

Ambled about

In Russia, land is divided with painful equality. Thus, if a village owns some good soil in one corner of the landscape, swampy land five miles away, and sandy plots six miles off in another direction, each peasant in the village gets a strip of the fertile district, a strip of the swamp, and a strip of the sand.

And he must drag himself and his equipment from one place to the other. He may spend three hours each day walking to a different section of his holding.

Rational farming is impossible under such circumstances.

The collectives, by pooling all land for common cultivation, eliminate this disadvantage.

Each collective will have its expert agronome, its veterinary, its model stables, creameries, grain warehouses, and, of course, schools.

Through modernisation and mechanisation, the Bolsheviks expect to raise the country's agricultural yield—not only of grain for the cities and export, but also of flax, cotton, hemp, and other technical cultures which supply raw materials to industry.

Above all, it seems the Soviet Government's economic eye is glued on the possibilities of cereal exportation.

The Bolsheviks confidently expect that they will be again feeding Europe in 1931. Several large grain-elevators have already been ordered in America for use in Russian ports.

The moment Russia returns to the export column, its purchases of machinery abroad will grow by leaps and bounds.

There is literally *no* limit to the amount of foreign industrial equipment the Soviet Union needs and can absorb. The only restriction to-day is the paucity of foreign credits and of Soviet cash.

The torrent is at its height: even Stalin cannot stay it

But when Russia exports millions of bushels of grain, these hindrances must disappear.

And unless present conditions change, or unless political difficulties intervene, much more than half of the Bolsheviks' orders will be placed in the United States and Britain.

The desire to export, to dispose of the troubles the Government has experienced during the past few years in collecting grain from the peasants, and to eliminate the present food-shortage acts as a threefold impetus towards agricultural co-operation.

Not one home farm

That movement has now acquired so much momentum that the resistance or reluctance of isolated groups of middle peasants is quickly swept away.

Russia is witnessing a veritable stampede into the collectives; the State can no longer guide or even control the avalanche.

Take Russia, White Russia, the Ukraine and Siberia—that is, all the Soviet Union except the small Caucasus and Turkestan: In this tremendous region, 10,657,000 peasant households have been collectivised.

To put it another way: 45.7 per cent., or nearly half, of the peasants of European Russia and Siberia are to-day members of rural co-operatives.

The Russian papers have just published figures regarding Ukrainian collectives, and given out the slogan: Not a single individual farm in the Ukraine.

Stalin's policy, apparently, is constitutionally unable to stop at a golden mean, or anywhere in the middle of the road.

Moscow has one goal: All collectives, and no private capitalism in agriculture.

I smoke cigarettes during the busy hours, but after lunch and dinner I think I deserve a more satisfying smoke, so I take a Manikin from my case.

Though Manikins are full of flavour and satisfying they are delightfully mild—in fact just right for that half an hour's quiet we all deserve after the morning rush and as a reward at the end of a tiring day.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

FOSTER CLARK'S
CREAM CUSTARD
It's the Creamiest Custard

A TRUE STORY
by
Elaine Hamilton

" It was the body of a man, sprawling on his face, arms spread out "

Illustrated by Howard K. Elcock

The UNKNOWN PASSENGER

IF I had to confess which selfish pleasure gave me the greatest happiness and thrill, undoubtedly it would be that of motoring alone on unknown roads, and for preference in a foreign country. Pessimistic friends have warned me for years of the risks.

"It's not safe," they say, "for a woman to motor alone. All sorts of unpleasant things may happen. Suppose the car broke down or you were attacked."

Well, the car never has broken down, bless her heart! Neither have I had any romantic adventures with brigands.

But once something happened that nearly cured me of solitary wandering, and supplied all the previous lack of thrills.

While staying near Nice, I received an invitation to visit some friends in Biarritz, about four days' run by car.

Having just finished a good bout of writing, this appeared a glorious excuse for a long drive through the Pyrenees.

The first two days were circumspect enough to have satisfied a nervous curate. The car behaved like a little lady, and there wasn't a cloud in the April sky.

On the third morning, I pulled away from a village in the heart of the lovely Herault district feeling decidedly reckless. Beautiful mountain scenery rather like North Wales—why should one miss it by travelling on main roads?

Advice from a country postman told me of a picturesque route across a distant mountain.

"Though," warned he, "I've never seen a car that way, and the road is very steep and narrow."

He hesitated a moment and added: "Better keep to the main road, madame. The mountain is lonely and dangerous. You will meet no living soul up there."

Of course, that settled it. I loved being alone, and what danger could there be on that warm spring day with the car going so well?

With full supplies of oil and petrol, sandwiches and coffee, I sailed through the valley ready for any emergency.

The climb would take about three and a half hours, the run down the other side half an hour. It was only just after one o'clock. Plenty of time.

For about an hour nothing worse than an irritating patch of bad road disturbed my gaiety.

Then the foot of the mountain arrived, and the climb began on a surface composed of shale or solid rock.

After an hour of slow work, the gradient became much steeper, the road narrower, with occasional hairpin-curves.

On one side a sheer wall of rock,

(*Continued on page 24*)

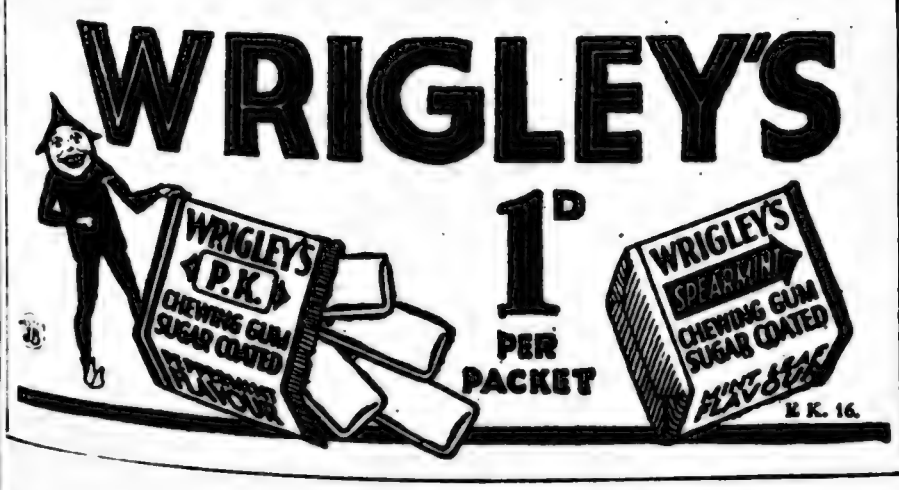
"Leave it to Bob"

LUGGAGE . . . PORTERS . . . TAXI . . . Bob doesn't know what travel-weariness means. Bob always feels fresh—because he keeps his *mouth* fresh, with Wrigley's. The pure, cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Sweetens the breath.

Wrigley's Chewing Gum—" after every meal "—is recommended by doctors and dentists. It aids digestion . . . cleanses the teeth. A simple rule of health, of mouth hygiene, of efficiency.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only a 1d. a packet—but the finest quality money can buy.

British made by British workmen with Empire materials



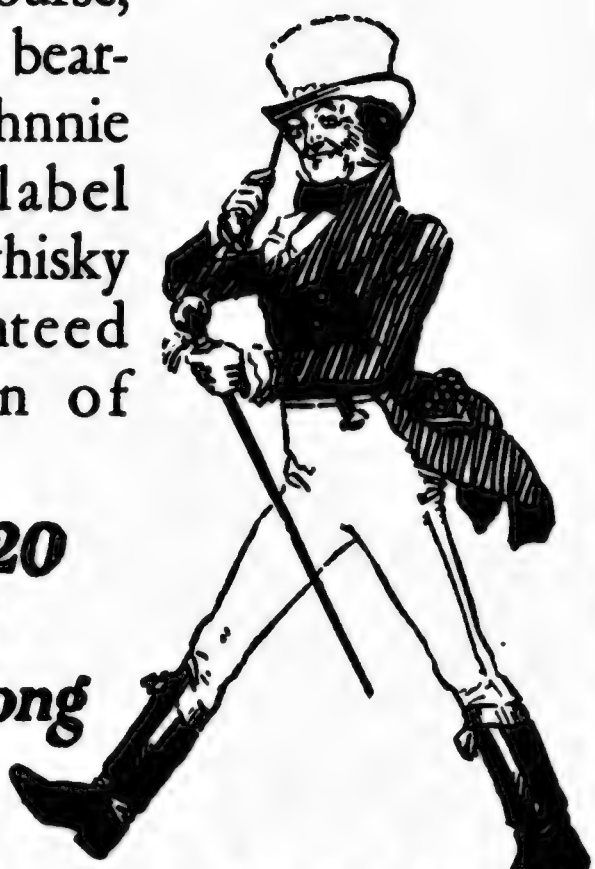
Best Value-

for your money when buying whisky, whether it be by the bottle or a "small one" over the counter, rests on quality! Therefore, be wise and always stipulate Johnnie Walker.

Because Johnnie Walker is *guaranteed* exactly the same quality everywhere and at all times.

And, of course, every bottle bearing the Johnnie Walker label contains whisky of guaranteed perfection of quality.

Born 1820 - Still going Strong



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WHEN HUSBANDS LOVE...

Diana

.... you look ready to dance

You always do.
"Every morn I bring thee foxtrots!"
Reminds me of our first dance. Seven years ago.
I called you "my Golden Girl."
You still are.
Pass the Golden Shred, please dearest.
I love this marmalade. It dances . . . in the sunshine . . . in the morning. Like you!
And I love it because it is always bright . . . sunny . . . sweet . . . Like you!

'Golden Shred'

the world's finest marmalade, made only by Robertson, from fresh fruit and pure sugar.

Buy a HUMBER cycle from

10/3 down on gradual payments

One example:
The OLYMPIA SPORTS HUMBER.

£5-18-6 OR 10/9
CASH DOWN

Ask any Humber dealer for the special gradual payment form. There are nearly fifty Humbers to choose from.

Cash prices from £5 12s. 6d. Don't delay. Take advantage of this wonderful opportunity now. Write for full particulars of the fine Humber range and name of nearest dealer, to—

HUMBER LTD.,
DEPT. C.6, COVENTRY.

The Unknown Passenger—Continued from page 22

on the other a clean drop to the ravine far below, and certainly not more than 2 ft. of clearance.

Steeper and more tortuous became the road, with nasty, sharp turns.

The first unpleasantness was that the sun vanished, leaving a queer, gloomy silence. Soon a cold breeze and penetrating drizzle set in.

That breeze developed into a hefty wind. The drizzle turned into a downpour. My crescendo of troubles reached a climax when the mist thickened to a dense fog, out of which my headlights threw uncanny shapes ahead.

LABOURING on—now in low, now in second gear—I rounded a sharp angle and—faced the teeth of a gale.

At last I'd had enough adventure, and longed for the dull placidity of macadam main roads. For I realised that one slight skid, one extra blast of wind, would hurl the car over a terrific precipice.

Crawling along that ghastly ledge of road, I reflected how sweet life was and what a fool I'd been. Never again. Safety first, if ever I got out of this mess.

Suddenly the headlights picked out some dark object lying across the road some 10 ft. ahead.

Stopping the car warily, I pushed a lump of rock under a wheel and, taking an electric torch, went to see what was blocking the way.

It was the body of a man, sprawling on his face, arms spread out, and apparently dead.

Here indeed was a situation!

Kicking back cowardice, I bent over his form and, with difficulty through the noise of the howling wind, heard heavy breathing. He was alive at least. Better get on with the obvious next thing and patch him up.

Presently, pulling my senses together, I got out my first-aid box.

In the weird glow from my lamps, I bandaged him. He showed no signs of consciousness, and now I really had to decide what to do. A nice little predicament.

I couldn't drive over him, even if one could be so heartless as to leave him there.

To turn round or drive backwards down the mountain behind me was equally impossible.

WHAT was the alternative? Stay there all night with maybe a dying man on that deserted mountain in the rain, wind and fog? No. That, too, was unthinkable.

Very well; the only option was to get him on board.

Now, I'm an 8 st. 7 lb. type, wiry and fairly obstinate when my teeth are set in a job of work. The man must have weighed nearly 12 st. How was one to lift him into the car alone?

"Carry on" and clear my bags out of the back first. Piling the suit-cases in the front, I remembered a huge mackintosh cape—relic of a policeman—under the back seat, and a strong rope for towing emergencies.

Covering him up with the cape and putting stones to weight it down, I lighted a cigarette and prodded my brain.

In a few minutes the rain went into reverse and was again a drizzle.

Torch in hand, I walked gingerly along the road for a hundred yards or so, and with relief found it was undoubtedly flat, if not beginning to descend.

The wind, too, calmed down, so I determined to have a shot at shipping my cargo.

Driving the car closer, I rolled him over on to the cape to protect his head, and wound the rope around him.

How long it took me to drag him to the side of the car I don't know. Minutes, perhaps; it seemed an hour.

Even then my troubles were by no means over. To drag him on the flat was one thing; to hoist a heavy, inert man into the car was another.

I levelled the floor at the back with a cushion, and began the contest.

Exactly how many of his bruises could be laid to my account will never be known. Inch by inch I tugged, pushed and twisted the poor man.

Twice my strength gave out and he slipped back to the ground again.

When at last my frantic struggles had rammed him on the floor of the car, I was far too exhausted to care what happened to him or me.

Of that half hour's descent I was oblivious. Driving was automatic. All remaining intelligence was strained on what I was going to do and *say* when I dumped my passenger.

"The WATER that Turned to BLOOD"

Next Week's True Story

by Owen Rutter

All conjectures were cancelled at the foot of that ghastly mountain.

A man in uniform stepped forward, flashed a light in my face, and abruptly ordered me to halt. A French policeman!

When in difficulty strike first.

Hastily I wished him good evening, and asked the way to the nearest doctor. I had an injured man in the car—found him on the top of the mountain, etc. It sounded a most improbable story to me.

He evidently thought so.

STARING suspiciously at me, he demanded why Madame was driving alone over such an extraordinary route. A mad and probably dangerous foreigner, I'm sure he decided.

Madame endeavoured to expound her love of motoring alone. That, too, sounded very thin, and it was obvious he didn't believe it.

"Who is this man?" he demanded sternly.

"That, monsieur," was my icy retort, "is what you can perhaps tell me, since he is presumably your countryman and not mine.

"Meanwhile this argument delays a man dangerously wounded. You'd better look at him and then drive with me to the nearest hospital."

Another bitterly suspicious glance from the gendarme followed my burst of eloquence; but he opened the door and had a look at my prize.

"Mon Dieu!" he gasped. "It is ———." I couldn't distinguish the name he muttered.

"A friend of yours, monsieur?" I asked flippantly.

For answer he blew his whistle and shouted.

Two other policemen came running along the road. All three conversed in excited tones. Then the reinforced law of the land resumed questioning.

"If Madame was alone, how could she unaided lift this heavy man into the car?"

Wearily I ploughed through my story again.

PLAINLY they didn't believe a word. They demanded my passport, driving licence and car-papers, and seemed sad to find them in order. Again they drew aside for a conference.

Then something broke in on me. It was 7.30. I was cold, hungry, and tired of my inquisitors' methods. One might try persuasion.

Conscious of looking my worst, I managed to smile, offered them my cigarette-case, and accepted a light with a coquettish glance meant to thaw mistrust.

Officialdom melted slightly.

I expressed myself gushingly.

"The car and myself are entirely at your service, messieurs. Will one of you get in and I will drive wherever you wish?"

Bows and smiles acknowledged this. They would *all* get in. Two crammed themselves in beside me with my bags on their knees. The third draped himself round in the back of the car in the bits of space unoccupied by my silent tenant.

The journey was punctuated by chatty small-talk, yet not even a leading question would extract from them the identity of my wounded passenger.

Came civilisation, as our leading novelists say. We drove through a sizeable town, and I was requested to stop at a dark, stone building.

My first pal extracted himself, and instructing the other two to remain on guard, dashed into the place.

In a few seconds I was ushered into an office, where a bevy of police-inspectors gave me the twice over. One, thickly adorned with braid, was clearly the big noise.

This time I said my little piece with calm assurance. It was received with amazement but credulity. Again all my papers were examined.

"May I know who the poor man is?" I asked.

"*Tout de suite*, Madame." Which being interpreted means "Some old time, but not now."

"We will arrange a hotel for Madame later. There must be more enquiries after the doctors have seen this man. Not too much delay, for we can see Madame is fatigued."

I WAS, and starving, too. My language left no doubt as to that point.

"*Eh bien*, there is a restaurant near with excellent wines and cuisine. Will Madame do me the honour of dining with me?" requested he of the braided tunic.

Madame intimated earnestly that she could do justice to any restaurant.

My host was charming and attentive. We had a real heart-to-heart talk on every subject save the one in which I was most interested.

We were outdoing each other in compliments over coffee, when a note was brought to him.

My host excused himself, read it quickly, and rose, asking me to follow.

Back in his office, clothed in majesty again, he spoke solemnly.

"You have asked me who was the man that you rescued to-night, madame. He is a well-known criminal. Three days ago at the local Assizes he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for a brutal and fatal assault on a bank manager.

"He escaped *en route* from the court to prison, and we have been scouring the country for him.

"It was indeed fortunate for you that in his wild flight in the fog he fell over the mountain and was rendered unconscious, or you might not be here alive. He was a desperate creature with no regard for life."

Queer noises were banging in my head, the floor seemed to be rising and falling.

"How—how is he, monsieur?"

"He died ten minutes ago, madame. . . . Quick, bring brandy. Madame faints."

D 111

£50 FOR DIPLOMA LIMERICK LINE

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:—

Competition (Dept. 7)
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES, LTD.,
TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, April 4, 1930.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

In the Spring a man's fancy, they say,
Turns to love, so it happened one day
Clarence Smith met his fate
At a quarter-past eight

£212 IN PRIZES

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £5
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250 PARCELS
(each value 10/-)
of DIPLOMA PURE FOODS

DIPLOMA

The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Cheddar or Cheshire, 6, 8, or 12 portions 1/4½

Treacherous March — Guard Your Health

Treacherous March weather is dangerous to anybody made weak by winter Colds and Chills. If you have had a Cold, or been down with 'Flu, it would be wise—very wise—to take a bottle or two of Hall's Wine. As you feel the first wineglassful enriching your blood with new life you *know* that Hall's Wine is going to do you a lot of good; it lifts your depression—feeds the nerves—gives you plenty of strength and energy.

Hall's Wine must do you good

Large Bottle 5/6
Smaller Size 3/3
Of Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

HALL'S WINE IS THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

THE BIRTHDAY OF MR. & MRS. EVERYMAN

Seven years ago the Everyman series of advertisements began. If they have become world famous it is not because of their cleverness, but because these simple, homely, truthful chats appealed to just plain folk.

Mr. Drage wishes to celebrate this birthday, and to his mind a birthday is nothing without a gift. So with every completed order placed between now and Easter he is giving an appropriate gift. With orders for £1,000 he will give either a grand or a player-piano. With orders for £500 a charming overstrung piano or a splendid complete dining room. With orders for £250, £100, £50 or even £25, equally attractive gifts will be presented. And for all customers are available the famous Drage 50 Pay Way Terms for approved accounts—*more than 4 years' credit.* Thus:

10/- a month buys £25 worth of furniture
20/- a month buys £50 worth of furniture
40/- a month buys £100 worth of furniture

And all the furniture is delivered carriage paid directly only the first month's instalment is paid. Fill up the coupon below and receive the beautiful Drage Gift Book with full details of all the Birthday Presents for Mr. and Mrs. Everyman.

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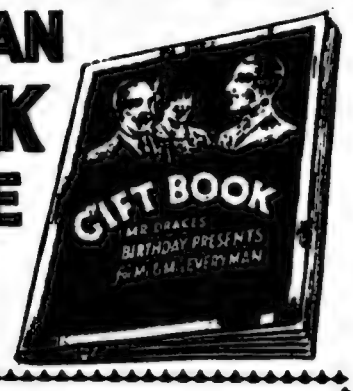

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For this style of razor.

GOOD-BYE—

The film of the first exposure of the famous parochial beadle—Mr. Bumble

to the GUARDIANS

ON April 1, over 630 boards of guardians will die as a separate authority for the administration of the Poor Law.

With them, too, will die, unmourned we hope, the tradition of Mr. Bumble and his victim, Oliver Twist.

The silent revolution that this decease of 630 boards implies will undoubtedly affect millions of people more or less indirectly, and many thousands of the poor in their actual daily life.

It is mainly the actual transference of the heads of departments and their responsibilities which will occur on the date mentioned above.

But the period allowed for the complete change is spread over five years.

Over the whole country it means that the Poor Law will be administered by 145 county or county borough authorities instead of the 630 odd boards of guardians.

A Mussolini in the shape of a public assistance officer will rule the county, and there will be general inspectors acting as liaison officers between various groups and the Minister of Health.

The idea is to centralise all these services with a view to economy for the ratepayers and the prevention of overlapping.

Certain of the poorer districts will now be able to draw on the county funds, so that the responsibility will be spread more evenly over the whole county. The scheme will eventually make for greater efficiency all round.

Many workhouses will be closed or turned into hospitals. The distribution of casual-wards will be considerably altered to conform to the idea of centralisation.

Board of paupers!

Where there are two casual-wards close to each other, for instance, they may both be merged into one large centre in the nearest town.

Guardians' committees, one for each county, composed of a sprinkling of the old guardians and various councillors of the county concerned, will take the place of the former parish authorities.

There is likely to be a wider and better selection of officials than under the old regime, when comparatively little general interest was taken in the election of guardians.

An incident which bears on this angle of the subject occurred recently, when in a badly hit mining area the guardians were in a worse plight than the people they were relieving.

They were not eligible for relief themselves, so they placed a man at the door to receive contributions from the people they had just assisted as they went out!

There will be little or no difference in the procedure of obtaining relief.

The applicant, or, if he is bedridden, his representative will have to apply in person to the local relieving officer, who still operates as before.

This officer fills up the case paper, makes his enquiries, and then submits the application to the Guardians' Committee of the County Council.

If the case is urgent, he can grant relief in kind, before the guardians make the order.

Although the Act is based on sound principles, certain less fortunate people will inevitably suffer from the change. Some 60,000 of the present Poor Law officials are bound to have the even tenor of their lives upset in various ways.

If no job can be found for them they are to be compensated. But this is of little use to a man or woman who has spent half a lifetime in becoming an expert at the job, with hopes of promotion.

Perhaps, unconsciously, these people are being treated cruelly by the secret attitude of the authorities.

And what of the hundreds of thousands of casuals and inmates and those in receipt of outdoor relief?

Cruel secrecy

Is the great change going to pass over their heads unnoticed? This is highly improbable, because on April 1 new scales of relief will come into force all over the country.

Guardians in the past have used their own discretion.

They may have been extravagant in some cases and niggardly in others. But they have had the chance to discriminate and to make their grants as they thought fit.

But it was not necessarily a loan. It was, in more cases than not, a gift.

Under the new Act the scales for the different districts will be *fixed*, and they are *on loan only*. There will be no elasticity according to the merits of the case.

The county of Northumberland, for instance, has already proposed its scale. Here are one or two extracts:

Single adult not living with relations or friends, 12s. 6d.; married couples with no children, £1; married couple with one child, £1 3s.

This scale may be taken as a probable average for all counties, and it is decidedly lower than the average guardians' scale of to-day.

Moreover, the guardians have been in the habit of supplementing "dole" and health insurance by separate grants from their funds.

No county authority is likely to do this. But actual scales of relief in some counties may prove more generous than the old guardians.

Inmates and casuals will also feel the difference, for better or worse.

All workhouse institutions are now used purely for poor persons. But many of these places which are not filled will be turned into hospitals for specific ailments, and will have paying patients.

Put out of work

Whether this will mean fewer beds available for the people who can pay nothing remains to be seen.

The workhouse master at present apportions tasks and provides food for his inmates according to his judgment.

All casuals are supposed to do a job of work the morning after their night's rest; but in practice, the nature of this job has become elastic and varies considerably.

Certain regular workmen, such as gardeners and stokers, have already been given notice that their services will not be required after April 1.

Their jobs are to be included in the test work of casuals and able-bodied inmates.

Whatever these changes portend, there is one thing to be remembered:

The man or woman who is really destitute should not be put off. The Poor Law statutes will remain in existence. This means that any destitute person has an absolute and undeniable right to relief.

It can be demanded and must be given.

P.S.

To-morrow, Friday, March 21, *Passing Show* is coming out with the first long list of prize-winners in "The Showman's" easy new "Postscripts" Competition.

You'll chuckle over the winners, but you'll smile still more if you capture one of the 2,265 prizes which are offered weekly.

Walk up and win "The Showman's" £100!

THIS charmingly designed & beautifully tailored Spring Coat in the newest Coating Botany Wool 'Tricotine' in the most fashionable shades, for only - - - 5/- WITH ORDER

MIKOTE Stylish Spring Coat of the very latest design, slightly waisted, and made in the latest and most popular Coating Botany Wool 'Tricotine.' The fashionably pointed design has a neat and graceful appearance, and is obtained by means of slightly raised seams. The Coat is richly lined with Artificial Silk throughout. Particular attention is directed to the small sketch showing front view. A careful inspection of this fine garment will reveal its superb fit, excellent workmanship, and unrivalled value. Shades: Navy, New Brown, Green, Fawn, Dark Saxe; also Black. Made in the following sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W., and O.S. Lengths, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46ins. Price 40/-

Larger Sizes and longer lengths extra. Busts up to 46ins; Hips up to 50ins.

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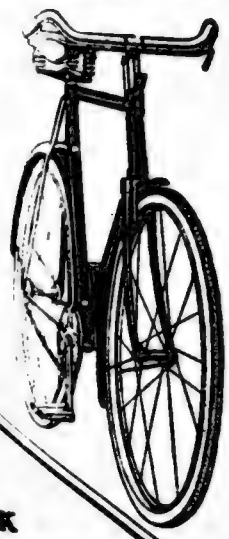

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or write to THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LTD. BRITANNIA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

C.F.H. 129

£500 in prizes

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FREE ODOL COMPETITION

1st PRIZE £100, 2nd PRIZE £50 3rd PRIZE £25

These prizes DOUBLED if one condition is fulfilled. 500 Consolation Prizes of a complete "Odol" Outfit.

All you have to do is to complete this Limerick—

There was a young lady named .....
Whose teeth were.....to decay
A.....who could yodel,
Sang the.....of Odol
.....her teeth are like pearls to this day.

The first prize of £100 will be paid to the person completing the Limerick in accordance with the solution which is under seal and in the possession of the Advertisement Manager of the "Eastern Daily Press," Norwich. Should the winner have a tube of Odol Tooth Paste or a flask of Odol Mouth Wash in the house when our representative calls during the week ending April 18th, the prize will be increased to £150. Should the winner have both a tube of Odol Tooth Paste and a Flask of Odol Mouth Wash, the prize will be increased to £200. The same proportionate increases will be made in the second and third prizes.

Cheques will be paid to successful competitors before publication of results.

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON.

Conditions and Instructions:

1. Only one entry can be accepted from each competitor.
2. Write the missing words in BLOCK LETTERS in pencil, or ink in the spaces provided.
3. Cut out the whole advertisement, write your name and address clearly, enclose it in a gummed down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp addressed as follows:—
   Odol Competition,
   Cranbux Limited,
   Westwick Street, NORWICH,
   and post not later than midnight, April 4th, 1930.
4. There is no entrance fee. The competition is free.
5. The sealed correct solution is held by the Advertisement Manager of the "Eastern Daily Press."
6. Should no competitor submit an all-correct solution, the full amount of the Prize Money will be paid to those competitors whose coupons are nearest correct, and should more than one competitor qualify for any one prize, the full amount to which they are entitled will be equally divided.
7. No correspondence can be entered into concerning the competition.
8. Employees of Messrs. Cranbux Limited (and Associated Companies) are not allowed to compete.
9. The Judge's decision will be final, whilst no responsibility can be accepted for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and proof of posting does not waive these conditions.
   Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification.
   This competition is open to anyone living in Great Britain.
10. Results and correct solution will appear in the "DAILY MAIL" on April 23rd, 1930.

Odol

TESTED JB

COUPON.

I agree to abide by the conditions of the competition.

Name.....

Address .....

J.B. .....

Aldwych

eat more 'green label'

INDIAN MANGO CHUTNEY

TENS of thousands now do so. It's as good as a Salad, less costly, and needs no preparing. Better than any vegetable pickle. Does not overheat the blood like some Sauces. Makes all food more enjoyable—and does you good, too!

'green label' Chutney consists only of tender, juicy slices of the Apoos (Alphonse) INDIAN MANGO fruit, combined with choice Oriental Spices selected for their aromatic and dietetic properties.

Adds the "finishing touch," and makes such a tremendous improvement to every meal.

The flavour is so enticing and "moreish." You will like it with hot foods—and no cold meat is complete without it.

Adds a zest to appetite. Stimulates and aids digestion.

For your own Protection see the WORDS 'green label' and the Tom-Tom man TRADE MARK on every bottle.

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CHROMIUM PLATED TOURIST CYCLE

9/3 NOW

And 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase.

This wonderful 1930 Model is an entirely British product—British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. All Bright Parts Chromium Plated

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.	**STURMEY** ARCHER 3-SPEED.
DUNLOP WATER-PROOF SADDLE.	**OILBATH** GEAR CASE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.	**VALANCED** MUDGUARDS.

CASH PRICE **£5.19.6** GUARANTEED 50 YEARS.

WOMEN'S MODEL **£6.5.0** 9/6 NOW and 14 payments of 9/6

Send at once for Illustrated List to Dept. J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST. LONDON.

BERTIES of BACK-DOOR FINANCE

The brainless, little half-commissioner is a danger to the public — and the Stock Exchange

WELL-CONNECTED, well-dressed touts, acting for the less reputable kind of stockbrokers, are giving the Stock Exchange of Britain a bad name.

That is grave enough in itself, but more sympathy lies with those trusting people who, under the guise of friendship, are trapped into wild-cat adventures by these Algies and Berties of back-door finance.

"Rightly served," says the superficial observer; but all British notions of decency in friendship, or mere acquaintanceship, revolt at this kind of heartless semi-fraud.

The name for these share-adventurers on the Stock Exchange among the reputable majority is "half-commission men."

They are of the type who pushed such shares as Duophone and Ner-Sag companies to fantastic heights in the boom.

They also advised thousands of their clients to buy other "dirt-track" shares of companies which were floated solely for the purpose of making money for the promoters and others in the inner ring, and which never had any chance of paying a fair return to shareholders.

Ruin and suicide

They were the glib agents in homes and clubs of those who sat behind gramophone and automatic-machine companies formed to exploit unproved and practically worthless patents.

They were largely responsible for the boom and relapse in the shares of British Controlled Oilfields, which practically ruined scores of actors and actresses and other people in the West End of London—that affair which culminated in the suicide of Mr. James White.

This is how these lounge lizards of business do it:

On the strength of their social connections, they become attached to the smaller and less scrupulous stockbroking firms, and arrange to be given half the commission obtained by the broker on any share transactions done by people whom they introduce.

Their only desire is to obtain as big a volume of business as possible, quite irrespective of its character.

In clubs and at afternoon tea-parties they drop careful hints about information they have obtained "straight from the inside."

These shares are absolutely certain to rise, and those who get in early will make large fortunes.

They add, discreetly, that they know a broker who is not too strict about the margin of actual cash put up in share dealings.

Very often their advice at first proves profitable. If sufficient people can be persuaded to buy a share, it automatically rises, whatever its real value.

For a while there is joy. Then the report of the company's working is made known, and down come the shares with a bang.

What does he care!

By that time the half-commission man has pocketed his money, and has little time to spare for the troubles of his former clients.

He tells them briefly that all Stock Exchange investors must expect bad times.

"Sorry, but I can't help you," he says casually, when the broker declares he can no longer let the client's account run on unless the shares are paid up in full.

The half-commission man practises mainly among ex-Army officers, people in the theatrical world, and ladies of private means, who know very little about the rules of sound investment and have heard wonderful tales about fortunes made from little money.

They prove easy prey to a man with a ready tongue, who can give them the name of a stockbroker, and who suggests, if he does not actually state it, that he is himself a member of the Stock Exchange and subject to its strict code of honesty.

Let us see how these queer parasites on the stock and share business go about their work.

"Watch me get an order," laughs a brainless, little half-commissioner. "I've had a dreadfully slack week, and I must earn a commission—somehow."

He picks up the receiver, and after a few minutes' suave conversation "old Brown" is loaded up with 500 shares.

"Not so bad—was it?" says the half-commission man.

Such men *live* like that. Provided shares are bought and sold and commission made the client can go to the devil.

And what are these half-commission men? Only young touts in top-hats, black coats and striped trousers.

They know nothing—they have no sense of responsibility—and they scatter their advice and tips with a recklessness which would be laughable if it were not so criminal.

Untold misery often engulfs maiden ladies and widows who, having no one beside them to direct their financial affairs, often listen trustingly to the gratuitous advice of these polished young touts.

They seem such pleasant, gentlemanly fellows, that suspicion is never aroused.

One elderly Manchester woman, who parted with every penny of her savings to purchase certain mining stock on the recommendation of one such tout, lost her all and was reduced to sewing to keep herself from starvation.

Women are "easy"

In another instance reported to JOHN BULL, a London woman who had made an initial investment of £18 in gold-mine shares was visited by an impressive gentleman, whose silk hat, eye-glass and flashing diamond-pin suggested that he was quite the prosperous City man he made out to be.

He pretended to have "inside information" of a coming "boom," and urged her to buy as much stock as possible.

On this advice she parted with £500—and that was her sheet-anchor.

A Yorkshire woman, whose oil investments have cost her more than £2,000, would never have thought of plunging so heavily but for the pressing "advice" showered upon her by a smart young tout.

He spoke with such authority regarding forthcoming rises that she even converted valuable stock to release the cash.

A Surbiton woman was similarly misled by a plausible young man whom she believed to be a "financial expert."

She innocently permitted him to run through her securities, and to take away certain stock which he declared her could be profitably converted.

Worthless "advice" of this character led a spinster residing in Devon to hand over nearly £600 worth of gilt-edged securities in the expectation of reaping great profits if the money were reinvested in other ventures.

The disappointment and hardships which must inevitably follow such ill-advised transactions are obvious.

Although the Committee of the Stock Exchange has no jurisdiction over the half-commission men themselves, it can bring an end to their activities by pressure on the Stock Exchange firms with whom they are associated.

It should be made much more difficult for a person to earn half the commission on a share dealing.

Make it impossible!

A reduction in the amount of commission charged would be a big step forward, and would also lead to a larger volume of business.

Drastic action should also be taken against the small stockbroking firms which make use of men of this type.

They are, if anything, worse than the half-commission men, for they daily misuse their greater power and responsibility.

THE HALIFAX
The World's Largest
BUILDING SOCIETY

GREAT INCREASE OF BUSINESS
TOTAL ASSETS - £59,394,342

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting of the Society, to be held at Halifax, on Monday, the 31st day of March, 1930.

The Directors have great pleasure in submitting to the Members the Annual Statement of Accounts, showing the operations of the Society during the financial year ended the 31st January, 1930.

The success and progress of the Society have been continued to a gratifying degree and there have again been large increases in the funds and membership. The benefits of amalgamation continue to accrue and substantial economies with increased efficiency, have been experienced.

ASSETS. The Total Assets at the end of the year amounted to £59,394,342, an increase of £5,239,361.

RESERVE FUND.—The Reserve Fund, after providing for all interest and bonus allotted up to the date of the account, stands at £2,017,598, being an increase of £328,359.

INCOME. The Income for the Year, exclusive of investments realised, was £20,059,351.

MORTGAGES.—The amount advanced upon new mortgages during the year was £12,455,559, an increase of £2,241,031, mainly upon the security of dwelling houses for the personal occupation of the borrower.

The new borrowers number 24,064, compared with 20,823 in the previous year and they now show an average of only £517 per new mortgage completed. The total amount now due upon Mortgages is £44,783,384, an increase during the year of £1,212,729, and the total number of Borrowers is 118,560, an increase of 11,041.

Of the total 81 per cent. are in respect of Mortgages where the debt does not exceed £500, and the average amount owing on all the Society's mortgages is only £377 each. The Mortgage Accounts are in an entirely satisfactory condition, and there are no properties of borrowers in the possession of the Society not reported in the statutory Schedule.

SHARE AND DEPOSIT FUNDS.—The amount standing to the credit of Investing Shareholders and Depositors is £57,376,744, an increase of £4,910,932 during the year.

PROFITS.—The gross profits of the year after payment of all expenses and Income Tax, amounted to £2,746,839, and after providing for all interest due to Depositors and Shareholders up to the day of the Account, there remains a surplus profit of £455,339.

The Directors recommend that there shall be distributed, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent., a bonus of £1 10s. 0d. per cent. upon the sum standing to the credit of Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1; and, in addition to the interest of £3 10s. 0d. per cent., a bonus of £2 10s. 0d. per cent., to the Subscription Investing Shareholders upon the total amount paid by them up to the end of the preceding year.

The new Accounts opened during the year numbered 84,701, compared with 79,297 in the previous year, and the total number of Shareholders and Depositors accounts open at the end of the year was 397,081, an increase of 35,714.

GENERAL.—The extension of the Society's Branch organisation to many important areas in the country has enabled the Directors to distribute mortgage investments very widely, and they are confident that this policy is not only a prudent one, but it has given opportunity for the Society to employ more capital for new mortgage business in districts where it was most needed and well secured.

The Directors desire to congratulate the Members upon the remarkable expansion of the business of the Society during the past year, as revealed by the Statement of Accounts, and also upon the fact that the Society has still further strengthened the predominant position it has held for many years as by far the largest Building Society in the World. They also acknowledge and appreciate the loyal and efficient services given by the Officials and Staff.

ENOCH HILL,
President and Managing Director.

New Balance Sheet and Full Information Free on Application.

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The All-Steel Bicycle

The Raleigh — the bicycle on which Rossiter broke the End-to-End cycle record—will give you better service, longer service and more enjoyable cycling—why put up with a "just ordinary" bicycle?

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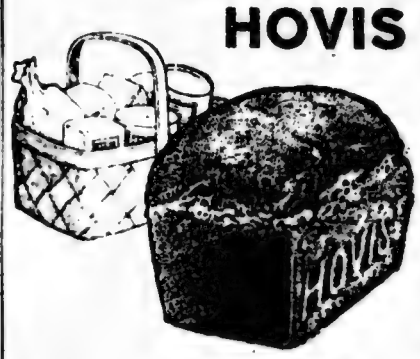

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Page Woodcock's Pills gently cleanse the system of impurities and are a well-known specific for use in all cases of Indigestion, Liver, Stomach and Kidney Troubles, Biliousness, Anæmia and General Disorders.

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SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES

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J. STEAD & Co., Ltd., SHEFFIELD

ECHOES *from an* ENGLISH CLOISTER

"To pray for the myriad souls"

They talk on their country rambles, but politics are forbidden

WHILE the busy world moves on, there is in England a community of men living in much the same way as when William the Norman came and conquered.

They have changed little, but today the Brighton Road—that highway of pleasure—sweeps past the portals of their monastery.

St. Hugh's, Charterhouse, one of seventeen in the Carthusian Order, lies within a few minutes' walk of Cowfold, a typical Sussex village. Headquarters are La Grande Chartreuse, in France, where the famous liqueur was at one time made.

Built of yellow stone in ten acres of land enclosed by a high wall, the tapering spire of St. Hugh's overlooks nearly a mile of cloisters—the largest in Great Britain.

What happens behind those high walls and inside those solitary cells? Much that can be told—much that has a strange interest to us of busy life.

Only in modern implements has the life of these men changed. There are printing and binding machines for theological work, a fine library, a shaving-room and—a motor-car to keep touch with the outer world.

But there the new world ends. The thirty-nine monks live under the rules of eight centuries ago.

The Carthusian is a mystic. He renounces the world in order to perfect his spiritual nature—to "commence his apprenticeship for heaven on earth"—so that he may be better fitted to pray, not only for the salvation of his own soul, but for the salvation of the myriad souls in the dusty world outside.

Broken-lover myth

Novelists are fond of depicting monks as men who enter a monastery on account of some unfortunate love affair. But you would search the cloisters in vain for disillusioned men of this sort.

The candidate for monkhood must have paid his debts. A Carthusian monastery is not a refuge from the bankruptcy court.

If, in the Prior's opinion, the candidate's education and disposition are suitable, he becomes a postulant.

A simple ceremony which is as old as monasticism, and older, marks the postulant's entry into the cloister:

The Master of Novices humbly washes the feet of his new charge and covers them with white woollen stockings.

He then gives him a long, black cloak, which covers his ordinary clothes, and leads him to the cell he is to occupy thenceforward.

The cell is really a four-roomed cottage. It is built of one story, and is adjoined by a garden surrounded by a high wall.

The postulant, on entering his little home from the cloister, first finds a short corridor where he may walk when bad weather prevents access to the garden.

The two rooms on the ground-floor contain a store of wood and a lathe with a carpenter's bench and tools necessary for manual work.

Climbing a flight of stone stairs, the postulant finds an ante-chamber, which may be used as a workroom, while the adjacent room is the cell proper. Here the Carthusian studies and prays. Its mute walls are a silent witness of his private austerities.

Meals in solitude

Against the wall, facing the large window, is a curious wooden structure divided into three unequal spaces. At one end a small door gives access to a lavatory. The middle is taken up by a bed, hidden by curtains.

A straw mattress, with woollen coverlets and a chaff pillow, is a fitting resting-place for a man vowed to a life of penance.

At the further end of the wooden structure is an alcove, fitted up as an oratory. Facing the window is a desk where the monk studies and takes his solitary meals.

In another corner there is a bookshelf of theological works, which may be added to by the loan of books from the library.

From his window the monk looks out on to his little garden, bright with flowers in summer. The tower of the church looms over the high wall surrounding it.

A time-table regulates every hour of the monk's day. So many hours must be given to prayer and study, while, in order to preserve the monk's health, a certain amount of time must be given to manual work.

He cuts wood for his fire, cultivates his garden-plot, and turns on his lathe articles for missionaries.

He may even paint religious pictures or mould statues which are sold to visitors for the benefit of the monastery.

The Carthusian, with the exception of Sundays and Chapter Days, when he dines with his brethren in the refectory, takes his meals in the solitude of his cell.

The diet consists of one good meal a day, which is passed through a hatch in the cell by a lay brother. It consists of soup, an omelette or fish, vegetables, bread, butter and cheese, dessert, and a little wine or beer. Meat is strictly forbidden.

On most days between Easter and September 14 a light supper is served after four o'clock.

The Carthusian never, under any circumstances, leaves his cell except to attend church, to dine in the refectory, to participate in the weekly walk or recreation, and to go to his Superior.

They converse in the refectory and during their walks in the country lanes. The "statutes" forbid the monks to discuss politics, but a Carthusian is hardly likely to do that, since he never sees a newspaper.

At least four and a half hours out of the twenty-four are spent in church.

The greatest event of a Carthusian's day is the Night Office. It is a most impressive spectacle.

By candle glimmer

The great bell of the church begins its insistent, tolling, and at the first stroke, echoing down the dark, mysterious cloisters and all over the sleeping countryside, the cell-doors quickly open and each monk appears, like some mediæval ghost, carrying a lantern.

The tiny flames, like flickering fireflies, emphasise the sombre darkness of the shadows. The monks' shoes slip with shuffling softness over the cold pavement.

The church is in almost total darkness. The only illumination comes from the red sanctuary-lamp, burning dimly before the high altar, on which four candles glimmer, and the shaded, lowered lamps over the choir-stalls.

Silently each monk takes his place in the choir.

There is no organ in a Carthusian church. The voices rise and fall in sombre cadence, chanting the Divine office.

An onlooker in the gallery high up in the east-end of the church cannot look down upon this strange, austere spectacle and remain unmoved.

At the end of a month's postulancy the young monk abandons his ordinary clothes, hitherto covered by the long, black cloak, and receives the religious habit, consisting of a white tunic and a cowled, white hood.

He now becomes a novice. If at the end of a year he is still considered suitable, he takes the first vows, which are taken for a term of four years.

World renounced

He takes the vow of stability, which binds him to the house in which he lives; the vow of obedience to his superiors in the Order; the vow of the conversion of manners, which places him under the obligation of turning away from worldly things, and the vows of poverty and chastity.

Four years later, if he still desires to remain in the monastery and is considered by his superiors to possess a vocation for the life, he disposes of all his worldly goods—to whomever he pleases—and takes the final vows.

Prior to taking this final, irrevocable step, his family, including his mother and sisters, may see him within the wide and humane limits prescribed by the statutes.

Until the monk takes his final vows, at least five years after his admission to the Order, he is free to depart.

That the monks find peace from the turmoil is beyond doubt. Their simple life moves on untouched. Centenarians are, proportionately, more common in Carthusian cloisters than in the outside world.

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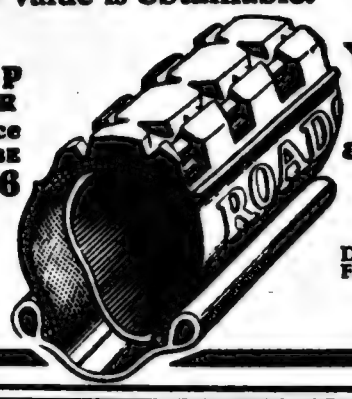

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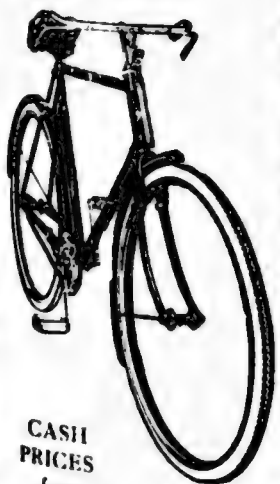

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(Signed) Mrs. R. DARLOW,
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(Signed) Mrs. J. DAVIES,
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(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
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BROTHER'S SECRET Clouds a GIRL'S ROMANCE

MY brother was adopted by my grandmother, a capable widow running a prosperous little farm. Although she did everything in her power to make him a good, self-respecting man, he requited her very ill.

One night, during a poaching affray, a gamekeeper was shot. The man died, and my brother and a ne'er-do-well friend were suspected of being implicated.

The friend was arrested, found guilty, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. My brother vanished, and has never been traced.

Now, after many years, I am engaged to be married to the brother of the dead gamekeeper.

During our early courtship, my fiancé remarked that my name was the same as that of the man suspected of implication in the shooting affray.

It was a curious coincidence, I said, and hastily changed the subject, terrified.

The truth is that the affair sobered my brother. He went abroad; now he is married and living as a well-respected and self-respecting citizen.

But I am placed in a terrible position; I fear that the truth will be discovered.

IF I invite my relatives to my wedding, the facts will be recalled, and someone will insist upon my brother being brought back to answer for his part in the affair.

In the circumstances, am I justified in insisting upon a secret wedding—giving the cause as extreme nervousness? If I tell my sweetheart I feel that even though he took no steps to punish my brother he would no longer wish to go on with the marriage.

"HUMANIST" says: You have my sympathy. Yet I think it would be better to lose a sweetheart before marriage than a husband afterwards.

Tell your sweetheart the truth. If he holds you in any worse regard you are better without him. He will be showing the dangerous spirit of a man prepared to punish the innocent for the guilty.

BLOOD-MONEY
revolts

SPENDING my childhood years in various Continental cities, where my father had duties in the Consular Service, I can just remember mother; she was tall and beautiful, but terribly unhappy.

My father was tall and distinguished, but drink was his master. Under its influence he was fiendishly cruel.

The climax came one night when he struck mother a brutal blow between the eyes.

The noise awakened my little brother and I. We scrambled from our cots with some childish idea of protecting her.

During the next day a baby sister was born. My father vanished.

Then mother died, and we youngsters were taken into the homes of relatives living far apart, and grew up practically strangers to each other.

FIVE years ago I married a doctor, whose struggling practice barely keeps us in shelter and food. In addition, since he suffered semi-starvation as a prisoner of war, his health is precarious.

Naturally, I was overwhelmed with joy when I was informed through a firm of lawyers that my father had died, leaving a considerable fortune to his three children.

But my delight vanished when I learned that this money derives from a chain of native stores in Central Africa, where the vilest compounds are sold to the dupes who exchange their native products for drink.

This looks like blood-money to me. Yet, if I refuse the money, I injure my husband and my children.

Again, if I take it I am condoning my father's wickedness and profiting by the vile drunkenness that led indirectly to mother's death.

"HUMANIST" says: Why? There is no compulsion for you and your coheirs to continue on old lines.

Get into touch with your brother and sister, and suggest converting the stores into shops selling useful commodities.

That will not only end the nuisance, but gain you the approval and support of the authorities most nearly concerned.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

GRIEF EXPLOITERS
must be exposed

I AM a florist in an industrial centre where a great deal of money is spent upon funerals. The poorer the family, the more is spent.

I like to get paid, but I do not want to be made an accomplice of fraud. Yet it looks like it.

I send you two typical instances in order to obtain your advice.

Where the deceased was employed by a firm or was a member of any organisation, the wreaths are supplied by subscription.

A young fellow recently dropped dead at his work, and his mates, though none of them well off, whipped up a sum to provide flowers for the funeral.

Next day, one of them brought me the order. He selected a wreath costing 30s. Later I heard on good authority that over £2 had been subscribed.

Apparently no receipt had been asked for, as the man who brought the order had been given the money by sympathisers to do the best he could with it.

I kept my mouth shut on that occasion, fearing to provoke a row.

NOW I am in a worse quandary. A well-respected member of our local choir having died, the whole congregation subscribed for a wreath, entrusting the curate to see the matter through. He bargained with me for a wreath costing £1.

Two other deaths have occurred in this church, but the flowers sent by the fellow-worshippers of the deceased have been bought elsewhere.

When I mentioned this to a friend, he replied: "Didn't you know? The choir were very dissatisfied with the wreath you supplied for poor So-and-so. They considered they ought to have had something much larger and handsomer for the £2 subscribed."

Thus it is clear to me that money is being fraudulently deducted for private ends from these public subscriptions. Is there anything I can rightfully do in this matter, which is now likely to lose me my trade?

"HUMANIST" says: If you have cause of discrepancy between the sums received and the money paid out mention the fact to a prominent subscriber.

Possibly the money left over after flowers have been bought has been handed to the deceased's dependants.

JOCK RUTHERFORD'S Wembley Pair

Matches played on March 22

ENGLISH CUP.—Semi-Final Ties.
Hull City v. ARSENAL.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY v. Huddersfield.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.
BIRMINGHAM v. Bolton Wanderers.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Portsmouth.
Grimsby Town v. Burnley.
LEICESTER CITY v. Sunderland.
LIVERPOOL v. Aston Villa.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Manchester City.
Sheffield United v. Derby County.
WEST HAM UNITED v. Leeds United.

Division II.
BARNSLEY v. Reading.
BLACKPOOL v. Charlton Athletic.
BRADFORD v. Notts County.
CHELSEA v. Stoke City.
MILLWALL v. Swansea Town.
NOTTS FOREST v. Wolverhampton W.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Bradford City.
Southampton v. CARDIFF CITY.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Preston N.E.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION v. Bristol City.

Division III. (South).
BRENTFORD v. Northampton.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Southend U.
Bristol Rovers v. Exeter City.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Gillingham.
COVENTRY CITY v. Crystal Palace.
MERTHYR TOWN v. Walsall.
Newport County v. FULHAM.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Bournemouth.
SWINDON TOWN v. Luton Town.
Torquay United v. Queen's Park Rangers.
WATFORD v. Norwich City.

Division III. (North).
BARROW v. Hartlepools United.
CARLISLE UNITED v. Lincoln City.
CREWE ALEXANDRA v. Rotherham.
NELSON v. Tranmere Rovers.
NEW BRIGHTON v. Accrington Stan.
PORT VALE v. Darlington.
SOUTHPORT v. Halifax Town.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. South Sh.
WIGAN BOROUGH v. Chesterfield.
WREXHAM v. Doncaster Rovers.
YORK CITY v. Rochdale.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Semi-Final Ti
HAMILTON ACADS. v. Partick Thist.
Hearts v. RANGERS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I
ABERDEEN v. St. Mirren.
AIRDRIEONIANS v. Dundee.
Cowdenbeath v. CELTIC.
DUNDEE UNITED v. Kilmarnock.
HIBERNIANS v. Falkirk.
MOTHERWELL v. St. Johnstone.

Division II.
Armadale v. ALBION ROVERS.
BO'NESS v. Dunfermline Athletic.
CLYDEBANK v. Alloa.
EAST FIFE v. Queen of the South.
East Stirlingshire v. Raith Rovers.
Forfar Athletic v. LEITH ATHLETIC
KING'S PARK v. Brechin City.
ST. BERNARDS v. Arbroath.
STENHOUSEMUIR v. Montrose.
THIRD LANARK v. Dumbarton.

Capital letters indicate team fancied to win. No distinction is made if a draw is expected.

MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Oldham Athletic; West Bromwich Albion; Millwall; Clapton Orient; Brentford; Port Vale.

FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Fulham; Cardiff City; Celtic; Rangers.

FOUR DRAWS: Grimsby Town v. Burnley; Sheffield United v. Derby County; Brighton Rovers v. Exeter City; Torquay United v. Queen's Park Rangers.

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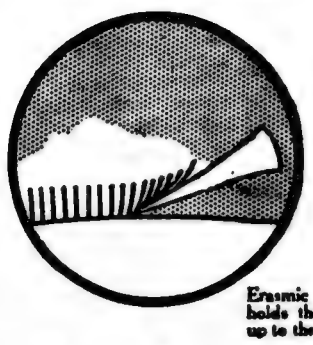

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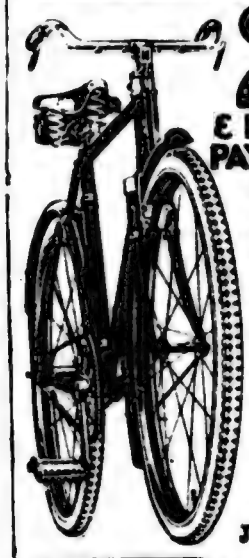

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Our Letter Parliament—

The ROGUE I Know with a HEART of GOLD

Woman's Bundle

"Scotch Jimmie" was one day walking down the street when he noticed a hawker woman resting with a bag of old clothes by her side.

Going up to her, he picked up the bag, and walked with it down several streets to the woman's address, laying the bag at the foot of the stairs.

Then he took two half-crowns from his pocket, handed them to the woman, and walked away.

A few weeks later he was sentenced to seven years for burglary.

The woman was my mother, and he was a rogue I knew with a heart of gold. —*J. C., Edinburgh.*

The Poisoner

Dr. Palmer, the notorious Rugeley poisoner, had a heart of gold, especially where poor children were concerned.

My parents were not well off, and many a good feed I've had at the poisoner's table.

Baskets of food found their way from the same source to the homes of the poverty-stricken children in the town, and bills for professional attendance were never sent to his needy clients by the rogue who was hanged.—*S. B., Staffs.*

Lad of the Village

Orchards draw him like a magnet; he ruins his clothes by climbing trees and his boots by walking through puddles; he goes fishing in private waters with a bent pin, as often as not falling in, thus attracting the gamekeeper's attention and placing his widowed mother in great disfavour.

Yet he is sound underneath, for he saves all his hard-won pocket-money to buy presents for his mother; works hard at much-hated lessons for her sake; gets up early to brew her an early morning cup of tea, and gives up much-prized outings to sit with her when she is tired or alone.

No doubt that his heart is gold right through—my eleven-year-old brother.—*Eff, Devon.*

On the Racecourse

I was on duty at a certain race-meeting, in plain clothes, keeping my eye on a well-known pickpocket.

To the police he was known as a rogue, but on that day I saw him pick a stone from a lame horse's hoof, bathe the wounds of a dog that had been run over, fetch water for a man in a fit, pacify a lost child, and—then he "lifted" a gent's gold watch.

But I considered that his heart of gold deserved a gold watch; I looked another way.—*Ex-P.C., Sussex.*

Bedside Sitter

My connection with a slum mission brought me in contact with an incorrigible thief.

Despite our efforts, he wouldn't reform; but he made his children attend. With them came a regular contribution he dubbed "conscience money."

During a serious illness he insisted on sitting up with me to give my wife a much-needed rest.

He brought me gifts of fruit, etc., regularly, saying, whimsically: "It's all right, guv'nor, it's all 'onest stuff. I ain't pinched it!"—*D. Anderson, Altrincham.*

Solid Gold

An intimate friend of my youth, by means fair and otherwise, used to accumulate money. Each silver piece he acquired he would change to halfpence to make a jolly jingle in his pocket.

The habit grew with him, till now he is a rich and unscrupulous man. His thoughts are all of gold; he worships it.

He is flint-natured, hard of heart—perhaps that, too, is turned to gold. It seems to me that this man truly is a rogue with a heart of gold.—*H. P. Ratcliffe, Durham.*

—But at Christmas

The man I know has been a "shark" for years, has served two terms of penal servitude, and has been the subject of severe criticism from JOHN BULL.

There is another side to that person, though.

In spite of the fact that he swindles people relentlessly, he is also one of the greatest benefactors to the poor.

Last Christmas he provided fifty poverty-stricken homes with food, and every week he sends supplies of food to an institution.—*S. L., Derby.*

Barrack Guardian

"Ginger" was the ringleader of the worst room in barracks, the despair of the regiment and always in trouble.

Fighting, stealing, gambling, drinking and swearing were the men's mildest hobbies.

One night there arrived a young Salvationist, who bravely commenced "knee-drill."

Everyone looked to "Ginger" for leadership. He crossed the room and sat upon a bed behind the kneeling man in silence, until the Salvationist rose.

Not a word was said. Things went on as usual; but every time the Salvationist went on his knees "Ginger" took up silent guard.—*Ex-Cadet, Portsmouth.*

No Ticket

An old man lives in our [illegible] has served several terms of imprisonment for poaching.

Yet many a poor mother [illegible] to thank him for her Sunday [illegible].

A knock at the door, in the morning, and a couple of rabbits or a hare are handed in, and a word of thanks. "They came without a ticket."—*Nurse, Leeds.*

Something to Live For

She had once been a highly respectable woman, but through drink, debauchery and bad company had sunk herself to the depths of degradation.

Pawning other people's goods, stealing money from children, and [illegible] were some of her evil methods of getting money for liquor.

Then came the crisis. One of her drunkard pals, when on her deathbed, asked her if she would take care of her baby boy.

She took the child, cared for him, and worked hard for him.

That baby boy is now a fine young lad, and would do anything for the woman he has learned to love as "Mummy."—*Farina, Glasgow.*

Blind Man Saw

"Blind and paralysed. No dole" was printed on the placard which hung from his neck. He was seated in an invalid-chair, and a small, ragged boy was wheeling him.

Sympathisers, touched by the pitiful spectacle, were dropping coppers into his tin mug.

Suddenly a runaway horse [illegible] fled pedestrians flying into [illegible]. The driver, entangled with the reins, was being dragged along the ground.

Then the "blind cripple" [illegible] flung himself at the horse's head, stopping it.

He and the boy then disappeared, vanished.—*Joseph Miller, Sheffield.*

Good Bad Pennies

"Big Jim" was the most [illegible] rogues and swindlers. But when blood was wanted to save a poor [illegible] he always willingly helped.—*D. Carnarvon.*

He was found guilty, sentenced and called a rogue. At Christmas he sings in the street to earn the 7s. 6d. for his dog's licence.—*E. Gray.*

He had done one or two [illegible] before enlistment, and his [illegible] was not blameless, but had it not been for his sacrifice I would not be writing these lines.—*Grateful, Lymington.*

She is a charwoman and addicted to pilfering. But she has a heart. I know because I used to wear one as a charm, and it disappeared while she was working for me.—*A. G. M., Gravesend.*

He is capable of any mean [illegible] dishonest action. Yet I have seen him shedding tears on seeing a child barefooted, and oftentimes he would take the child into a shop and purchase a pair of boots for him.—*Cleddy.*

How I Get the Best Cut of My Week-End

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post, Tuesday, March 25.

Race with "Silver Ring"

On the Level

THE jumping campaign has not treated us so badly, but it is pleasing to welcome the "Flat."

I have made it a habit at most meetings to note horses endeavouring to cheat the handicapper. As a result, code followers have often profited next time out.

I shall carry on, but the practice is not so easy and, consequently, not so prevalent on the flat. Or, perhaps, stewards are more observant.

Just now readers will be well advised to avoid the bookmaking concerns which, like mushrooms, are springing up in a night. Their bait is long odds.

I admit that 40 to 1 Bluenose looks tempting when the well-known advertising firms are offering "twenties," but, in the latter case, if you win, you draw.

The mushroom firm, unless nipped in the bud, win, tie or wrangle.

From March to November my mail-bag is loaded with complaints from backers who have been twisted.

For the big three next week, the "Lincoln," "National" and Liverpool Cup, I am relying on Orbindos—each-way; Sir Lindsay, in the absence of Easter Hero, and Lanson.

I think Lanson, who is in charge of R. J. Colling, at Newmarket, is the best of the trio.

K.C.B. is the best each-way bet for the "National."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 20, to Wednesday, March 26.

C G D B M F E W 2 K U 9 S L Z

5 X Y P J O V 3 A I T N R H Q

RKSHK9YR2D would read SIR LINDSAY.

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be.

"SILVER RING."

REDUCED IN PRICE

This famous British Shaving Soap in Ivorine tube is now reduced in price from 1 3 to 1 -. Prove for yourself the difference a *good* soap makes in the ease and efficiency of shaving—buy Shavallo Shaving Stick. Barbers know—barbers use Shavallo.

1/- *Same quality Same size Same container*

Shavallo

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S.V.21—30A

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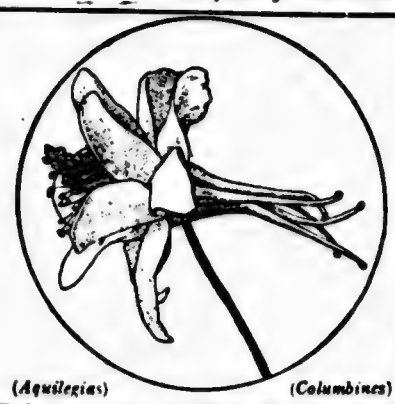

(*Aquilegias*) (*Columbines*)

"THE DANCING FAIRY FLOWER."

This is Ryder's new Seed Catalogue and is the most interesting they have ever produced. So interesting that hundreds of people are writing for it after having seen their friends' copy. Coloured plates, black-and-white illustrations, and much information. Those who have received the catalogue are earnestly requested to order at once. The demand is great and some of the novelties may soon be sold out. Those who wish to have a copy of the catalogue are requested to fill in the coupon at the foot of this announcement, with name and address, place in an envelope, tuck in the flap, do not fasten down, address the envelope to RYDERS, ST. ALBANS, place a halfpenny stamp on the envelope and post it at once. The supply of catalogues is rapidly being exhausted, but all who write at once are certain to obtain their copy.

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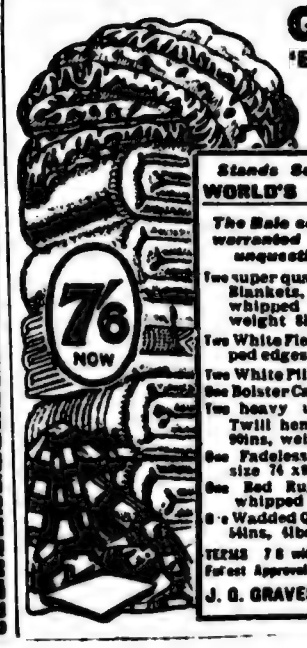

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DON'T hum and ha. Don't say, "I think I'll have a shot at it this week," and then forget all about it. Take the Bull by the horns and start in now to win JOHN BULL'S £500 Crossword Competition.

JOHN BULL'S Crossword is absolutely fair and square. Everyone has an equal opportunity. You and Jones and the fellow next door start level. If ever there was an opportunity of easy money, this £500 prize is it!

JOHN BULL will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 56 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), March 27.

SOLUTION of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 3rd. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 10th.
Result of Crossword No. 53 appears on Page 16.

An extra £50 for runners-up

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp, and post to **"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 56), 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach its not later than noon on Thursday, March 27th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed — / & Co. / —, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, April 10th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, April 15th,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to: **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), March 27th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 56

Entry Form "A."

JB 56.

Do not separate these forms.

CUT HERE

Entry Form "B."

CUT HERE

JB 56.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), March 27th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

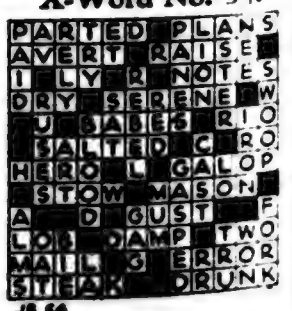
1. Drawing instrument.
4. What sweethearts like.
9. A casket.
10. A share.
12. Musical play.
14. Light vehicle.
15. Seen in a Rugby match.
16. Possessors.
18. Tradesman.
22. Part of a circle.
23. Single musical items.
25. Growing timber.
28. Comfort.
31. Large pond.
32. Apprehend.
33. An affray.
37. Armed conflict.
38. Untidy.
39. Doubtful.
40. Set out.

Clues Down.

1. Restorations.
2. What a decoy does.
3. An age.
5. A furrow.
6. Mohammedan Scriptures.
7. Pet dog is partial to.
8. Found in the Tropics.
11. Sun-born.
13. Draw.
16. Make beer.
17. Dirt.
19. Worn by old-fashioned girl.
20. Concur.
21. Used for watering garden.
22. Keeps the beer in.
24. Most excellent.
27. The Orient.
28. Athletic does after sprint.
29. Often flattering to actress.
32. Native Indian nurse-maid.
33. Liquor.
34. Repose.
35. Handled by sea-angler.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edns.) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 54.



JB 54

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 54 is given here with as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this X-Word have a shot at the new Easy Word "Postscripts" Competition in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. Prizes value over £300. Three shots for Sixpence.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

H. M. (Windsor).—"Work is the friend of man." . . .

F. M. (Stoke).—"Wives don't tell their husbands everything." After all, there are only twenty-four hours in each day.

GERTIE (Greenford).—"I shall seal this letter with a kiss." We noticed a red mark on the envelope.

D. B. (Diss).—"Have women a sense of humour?" Most certainly; look at the men some of them marry.

W. M. (Cambridge).—"What is the smallest book in the world?" "Who's Who in Italy," we imagine.

S. B. (Brighton).—"The family tree is unlike all others." Yes, all other trees manage to get rid of their rotten branches.

R. G. (Brockley).—"I think the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens would be an ideal place for one or more statues." Maybe; but is it deep enough?

F. C. (Wimbledon).—"Is it possible to see double without being drunk?" Yes, order ginger ale in a night club and then look at your bill.

S. R. (Clacton).—"Sleep is said to be an invaluable aid to good looks." If that is so, our domestic must be training for a beauty competition.

S. L. (Chelsea).—"In a recent dispute over the division of a small piece of ground, five Mexicans killed each other." Now they all have a small piece of land each.

T. N. (Carlisle).—"The Soviet Government has granted a concession for a razor factory." Evidently they are trying to put a better face on things, after all.

E. W. (Eastleigh).—"Now that the plump figure is becoming fashionable again women will be able to eat what they like." In other words, they can eat their cake and have IT.

R. W. (Woking).—"Crime is costing the U.S. £100,000,000 a year." Well, it must be admitted that they are getting a high grade of crime and plenty of it for their money.

T. C. (Hull).—"There is so much dispute over the award of the Nobel Peace Prize this year that the award may not be made at all." Why don't they let the two leading candidates fight it out?

THE Editor Replies

J. F. (Caversham).—"I am a fair golfer." If watched?

G. T. (Petworth).—"My wife says she didn't like the talkies." Outspoken woman!

L. M. (Edmonton).—"Dark-haired men marry first." We thought the light-headed ones did.

ELSIE (Harwood).—"He gave me a present that made me gasp." A bottle of smelling-salts?

A. P. (Inverness).—"I love a lassie." All right. But somebody else made a song about it a long time ago.

G. J. (Chenies).—"Food has been made from a kind of wood." That's nothing new—we often bolt the door.

A. B. (Totnes).—"I play golf." That's right. So many people make such hard work of it.

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

L. D. (London, E.).—"I have a wife and large family and play second fiddle at home." You are lucky to be in the band at all.

G. P. (Hampstead).—"It is not wise to walk quickly after a heavy meal." Unless you haven't the money to pay the bill.

A. P. (Sevenoaks).—"I like to share things with my neighbours." We've got a neighbour with a loud-speaker like that.

S. W. (Plymouth).—"The latest American car can be controlled by the human voice." Ours has always been controlled like this—she does it from the back seat, too.

F. J. (Dublin).—"I have been reading of an Irish peer who always had a goat loose in the breakfast-room when guests were present." It must have been nervous work passing the butter.

L. M. (Edmonton).—"A scientist predicts that fine steel will be used as a dress material for women." Young men are already endeavouring to develop magnetic personalities.

. . . But it isn't always reciprocated

L. R. (Uxbridge).—"The cuckoo has been heard unusually early this year." As usual.

P. B. (Liverpool).—"Brighton didn't agree with my wife." Very daring of Brighton.

F. N. (Highgate).—"This country exports large numbers of straw boaters to the U.S." Hats off to America!

T. M. (Marlow).—"He composes music, but is too fond of drink." Too many rests in each bar?

A. B. (Yeovil).—"Wives can be bought in parts of Africa for a shilling each." Well, a good wife's worth it.

A. C. (Yarmouth).—"Matrimony is an institution of learning." Yes, but one in which a man loses his bachelor's degree without acquiring a master's.

C. C. (Royston).—"It takes a lot of capital to open a jeweller's shop." Nevertheless, it has been done with a brick.

P. B. (Dover).—"I once trained a pony to work out a simple problem in arithmetic." That's nothing. Lots of snakes are adders.

T. N. (Oldham).—"He shakes cocktails and drinks most of them himself." He evidently has the courage of his concoctions.

T. B. (Crewe).—"Do you know what I thought after hearing a talkie for the first time?" That there was at least one place like home.

D. T. (Southborough).—"What would you do if you were asked to run for the Presidency of Mexico?" We should keep on running.

G. F. (Halifax).—"I see that a well-known politician sat on a tack the other day but did not cry out." He felt it beneath him, of course.

HARPIST (Hampstead). — "The Musicians' Union has started a combing-out campaign." And time, too. The heads of many musicians need it badly.

C. G. (Douglas).—"Isn't it true that Miss P. ——, the famous novelist, is only twenty-five?" Certainly — and she always has been.

L. M. (Becontree).—"Doctors say you can get a disease by just looking at strawberries." We know a Scot paralysed by just looking at their price.

P. N. (Hammersmith).—"We are to have more telephone kiosks in this district." Motorists using these kiosks are requested never to enter them before leaving their cars.

M. M. (Portobello).—"I begin to wonder if my ship will ever come home!" It will arrive this Eastertide if you turn to page 39 and sail in with a £300 *Bullet*. And don't forget the Easter Hampers!

E. C. (Ilford).—"It is now possible to rise to a tremendous height in an aeroplane." But no matter how high you go you are still only a stone's-throw from the earth.

T. B. (Sevenoaks).—"The rapidly increasing divorce rate in America is really making that country the land of the free." Yes, but the continued rate of marriage suggests that it is still the home of the brave.

A. G. A. (Birmingham).—"I would follow my daughter to the ends of the earth if she eloped with a man." Personally, we would remove to another part of the country, so that she couldn't find us when she got back.

F. T. (Yarm).—"What on earth are most M.P.s playing at?" Nap.

THOMAS (Dowlais).—"My wife is always exploding about something." Can't you go off, too?

F. W. (Wakefield).—"What is the right way to pronounce 'margarine'?" Well, some landladies pronounce it "butter."

NAN (Brighton).—"A girl of twenty wants a month off every year." A girl of thirty takes a year off every year.

MECHANIC (Coventry).—"The self-starter was invented years ago." Now we want a self-starter that self-starts itself.

EMMA (Tong).—"Can you think of anyone mean enough to steal a poor actress's pearls?" Yes, her publicity agent.

Y. E. (Brougham).—"Our firm treats its employees just like customers." Why don't they strike against such callous treatment?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

SIDE-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent, and a prize is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

MEXBOROUGH AND SWINTON TIMES:—"He never struck her with a knife, but with a BOY."

SCREEN BOOK:—"He covered his HAND with his EYES."

SOUTH CHINA MORNING POST:—"The conference rejected the proposal of the miners for a SEVEN-HOUR WEEK and that of the employers for an EIGHT-HOUR WEEK."

PEEBLESSHIRE NEWS AND COUNTY ADVERTISER:—"An OPEN-AIR meeting of Peebles Women's Unionist Association is to be held in the Unionists' CLUB ROOMS."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"While the police officers were entering the building from the back the burglars GOT INTO the house from the front and BOLTED."

ILLUSTRATED LEICESTER CHRONICLE:—"Among the gifts of the bride to the bridegroom was a gorgeous DRESSING DOWN."

WOMAN AND HOME:—"You may use weak ammonia, turpentine or the FRESHLY-CUT JUICE of a lemon."

MOVIE NOVEL MAGAZINE:—"STANDING before the stern-faced wife of the Premier, KNELT Adrienne la Karda."

TEIGNMOUTH POST:—"These are well trained for whatever VACATION in life they are adapted for."

EVENING NEWS:—"I happened to see her last Saturday. I was ASLEEP, and I ASKED her to wait."

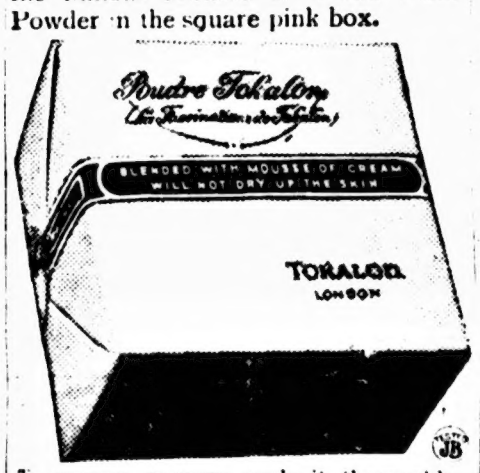
COMMON SENSE AND INDIGESTION.

There is nothing mysterious about indigestion. Any doctor will tell you that almost all digestive trouble is due to excess stomach acid, which ferments food, generates painful gases, and attacks the delicate stomach-lining. Obviously, then, to get immediate relief, you need only counteract the stomach acidity, and for this purpose there is nothing to equal a little "Bisurated" Magnesia taken after meals or when discomfort is felt. "Bisurated" Magnesia, which can be obtained from any chemist for 1s. 3d. a package, speedily banishes indigestion by neutralising excess acid, stopping fermentation, and soothing and healing the inflamed stomach-lining. Doctors and hospitals use and recommend this common-sense remedy because, by acting briefly upon the cause of the trouble, it invariably gives instant relief. JB

HOW TO BUY A FACE POWDER

That will stay on all day

Go to your favourite chemist or department store—ask for Poudre Tokalon, the famous Mousse of Cream Face Powder in the square pink box.



To-morrow morning apply it thoroughly and you will immediately banish a shiny nose and sallowness. Your skin will look fresh, youthful and velvety soft—and stay like that *all day*, in spite of perspiration, sun, wind or rain. Mousse of Cream (a patented ingredient exclusive with Poudre Tokalon) makes the powder very adhesive and practically invisible—prevents it from drying or caking on the skin—and has a tonic effect which helps to do away with all complexion blemishes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only a shilling a box. Compacts 1/3.

Free Trial.—De luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in popular shades and Creme Tokalon Skinfoods for both day and night use sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps (to cover postage and packing, etc.). Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 8 Z), 212-214, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

GRAVES WIRELESS OFFER

'Vulcan' 2-Valve Outfit is the World's Finest Value.

Cabinet (as illustrated) of polished Oak, with hinged lid; all parts (including valves) accessible. Dull Emitter Detector and Power Valves of proved efficiency. No coils to change. H.T. Battery; 2-volt Accumulator; complete Aerial Outfit. LOUD SPEAKER (as illustrated) in Oak to match set. Unit of the 'four pole' differential type with large magnet. Price complete & Carriage Paid £7.17.6

10/6 NOW

Terms: 10/6 with Order, & 10/6 Monthly.

ANOTHER WIRELESS BARGAIN OFFER.

The Graves Screened Grid 8 Valve Outfit not illustrated here complete with Oak Cabinet and Cabinet Loud Speaker. Components of highest quality. Carriage Paid. £12.15.0

Terms: 25/- with Order, and 25/- Monthly.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Full particulars & specifications of both sets; also Portable Sets and other varieties of high class Receiving apparatus Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

"A Proper Rag-Shop"

Sidney and his mother

THE friends and relations of Sidney's mother were amazed when he came into the world, for triplets had been born before him in 1928.

Their father surveyed the trio undismayed. "The family has grown very quickly," he remarked.

The King sent £3. But in a month's time this went to pay for the burial of the triplets. Their mother deeply regrets that at least one of them did not survive.

She and her husband had reached the age of seventeen when they married and set up house.

Eight children have been born; only four are living. The eldest is twelve years and the baby ten weeks old.

They are a bright young family who make the best of things. But there are some terrible weeks when the children's father, a dock-labourer, gets no work, or only a day or two in the week. As his average earnings total 36s. a week they cannot save for the barren weeks.

The mother's cheerful spirits are weighed down at times with "the trouble of getting the children fed and clothed. And my boys look a proper rag-shop."

The boys' ages are twelve and seven, and the girl is eight years old.

Their father is devoted to his kiddies, and it grieves him when he can't get enough food for them.

Their mother is ill at present, and has been ordered nourishing food, which she has no hope of getting except by kindly aid.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Donaldson (Chadwell Heath), £2 10s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), £2; H. S. (Hurst), £1 1s.; A Ninth from Turnpike St., £1; Mr. Cherlochs, £1; Team "L" (Cardiff), £1; Miss Rose M. Burton (Didsbury), 10s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; M. Walker (Perth), 9d.; Smash Apple, 6d.; E. Lawrence (Wantage), 1s.; M. H. Woods (Glasgow), 6d.; Mrs. E. L. C. (Darwen), 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s.; Happy Home (Bradford), 1s.; Target, 1s.; Mrs. Johnson (Dollar), 3s.; Irene (Seven Kings), 1s.; Bill and Lott, 2s.; Pipo, 2s.; In Sympathy, 6d.; R. R. R., 1s.; Findings (Unclaimed), 1s.; C. W. R. (Highgate), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; G. E. B. (Leigh, Lancs), 2s. 6d.; M. S. (A Working Woman), 5s.; Mrs. A. Toovey, 3s.; M. B. (Bedford), 1s. 6d.; With Baby Shoes, 6d.; Grateful, 6d.; "?," 2s. 4d.; Neuf (Oxford), 1s. 3d.; Mr. Williams (Pentre), 1s.; Mr. Gordon Casling (Ripon), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Spondon), 2s.; Hyam Well (Manchester), 4s. 3d.; Anon. (Reading), 5s.; Nan, 5s.; A Poor Woman, 1s.; Mrs. R. Bushnell (Fishponds), 1s.; Billie, 4½d.; Mrs. H. F. Thompson, 1s. 2d.; E. H. E. (Tettenhall), 2s. 6d.; M. D., 2s. 6d.; Reader of JOHN BULL (Hayling Island), 3s. 6d.; Nig and Pog, 3s. 6d.; T. R., 10s.; W. Hodgson (Rock Ferry), £10; J. E. Powell (Dudley), 1s.; Mr. C. E. Boxall (Hurlingham), 3d.; Mrs. P. A. Fieldsend (Manor Park), 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d. A Wellwisher, 2s.; E. E. A. (Bath), 8s.; M. [illegible] (Hull), 10s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; H. E. S. (Sarum), 10s.; Rodden, £1 1s.; W. D. Jackson, £1 1s.; S. Taylor (Peterborough), £1; Mrs. C. H. Woolmer (Harrogate), 10s.; Smash Apple, 6d.; The Widow's Mite, 1s.; A Worker's Wife (Grantham), 1s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. E. Neville; Mrs. K. Mitchell; L. Palmer; Toby (Cornwall); One Who Knows What it is to be Poor; A. Dowsett (Crofton Park); Anon.; Mrs. A. Overton (Leamington); Miss F. Bracegirdle; Mrs. Elsie Powell; O. K., Ringwood; J. Moulton; R. A. M. (Coventry).

Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

The Season for Sickness

More JOHN BULL Cheques for Sufferers.

The famous London Hospital, where there is never an empty bed.

Hospital wards crowded — epidemics breaking out afresh—this winter has been one of the worst for sickness. Every week JOHN BULL dispatches cheques to its readers on account of sickness. They come as a boon, especially if the breadwinner is stricken. Are you covered? If not, register below now.

Sickness Benefits—£5 5s. each

We give a few of the Benefits paid recently on account of measles, diphtheria, typhoid, etc.

AIRDRIE.—Mr. W. Kelly, 20, Westor Mavis Bank.
ALDERSHOT.—Mr. W. J. Butler, Kingsclere, Brighton Road.
BASINGSTOKE.—Mr. A. G. Richardson, 3, Pencott Place.
BEACONSFIELD, BUCKS.—Mrs. L. Rhodes, 57, Wycombe End.
BELGRAVE, LEICESTER.—Mr. H. Worley, 1, Flax Road.
BLETCHLEY, BUCKS.—Mr. A. T. Lovett, 64, Napier Street.
BORTH, CARDIGANSHIRE.—Mr. T. J. Williams, 3, White Lion Place.
CANNING TOWN, E.16.—Mr. W. S. Hill, 214, Barking Road.
CANNING TOWN, E.16.—Mrs. L. Lucas, 22, Addington Road.
CHALK FARM, N.W.1.—Mr. W. J. Naylor, 39, Chalk Farm Road.
DINGLE, LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. E. Penby, 430, Park Road.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mrs. F. Coram, 9, Lilian Grove.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Mr. E. J. Rudman, 31, Eastville Road.
EBBW VALE, MON.—Miss Alice Stevens, 96, Pennant Street.
FLEUR DE LIS, MON.—Mrs. I. Evans, 11, Bryn Gwyn Street.
FROSTERLEY, CO. DURHAM.—Mr. G. Dawson, Wear View.
GREET, BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. H. B. Hart, 17, Cowley Road
HAMWORTHY, POOLE.—Mrs. J. James, 8, Battery Terrace, Harbour Road.
HANHAM, BRISTOL.—Mr. M. W. Malpass, Gladsheim, Creswick Avenue.
HARDEN, YORKS.—Mr. F. Ingham, 4, Spring Row.
HECKMONDWYKE YORKS.—Mr. T. Smith, 37, Upper George Street.
HEREFORD.—Mr. T. C. Humphreys, Lluzz Vale Cottage, Aylestone Hill.
HORTON, NR. WELLINGTON—Mr. J. Archer, 39, White Houses.
HOXTON, N.1.—Mrs. A. C. Prout, 33, Aske Street.
KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—Mrs. M. A. Fox, 90, Weedington Road.
LEICESTER. Mr. [illegible], Berners Street.
LLANDYHANGEL [illegible], Miss H. Roberts, [illegible]
LLANON, ABERYSTWYTH [illegible] E. D. Jones, [illegible] Cross.
LOWER CWMTWRCH [illegible] gans, 4, Susannah [illegible]
MACCLESFIELD. [illegible] Walker, 37, Lans[illegible]
MYNACHDY, CARDIFF [illegible] Lewis, 105, Apple[illegible]
OTLEY, YORKS. [illegible] 6, Carlton Street
PEN MILL, YEOVIL [illegible] 84, Lyde Road.
PLUMSTEAD, S.E. [illegible] way, 226, Marm[illegible]
PONDER'S END, [illegible] Walker, 26, Aberd[illegible]
SHILLINGTON, BEDS [illegible] ford, Green End
SMALL HEATH.—Mr. [illegible] 84, Whitehall Road
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD [illegible] North, 42, Garsdale [illegible]

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident, "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 22/3/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a [illegible] reader.

.....
Reader's Signature
Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 22/3/30.

CASH THE COUPONS!

Become the proud possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen. Each is fitted with a 14 carat solid gold nib, tipped with iridium, and each is accompanied by a written guarantee. With either Pen JOHN BULL presents a

2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE,

heavily nickelled, complete with re-fills. Cash the Coupons!

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-.
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Cross remittance /& Co./ (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

RECORD OFFER OF 200 EASTER HAMPERS

523
CASH PRIZES
One week only
£200
BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE
BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE
EASTER HAMPER
PORT
OTHER PRIZES
£50
£25
10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2·10
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
Your 'Bullets' Easter Hamper
which will arrive in ample time
for Easter Sunday, April 20, will contain.—Plump Aylesbury
Duckling, Fresh Green Peas, Bottle of Gooseberries - Preserved Cream - Easter Cake &
Fruit Cordial Chocolate Easter Egg - Marzipan Easter Egg, Cigarettes & a Bottle of Fine Old Port

200 EASTER FEASTS FOR "BULLETEERS"

SO much were *Bullets* Easter Hampers enjoyed last year that we have this week created yet another record with 200 of these seasonable prizes.

Easter Sunday falls on April 20 this year, and that day will be a memorable one in 200 homes where JOHN BULL will be host. Remember that a fine golden "Easter Egg" of £200 awaits the sender of the best *Bullet* this week, and there are numerous cash prizes as well as Easter Hampers.

To make a *Bullet*, simply select one of the *Examples* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* FUND OF OPTIMISM, the added words SHAREHOLDERS SELDOM "SUBSCRIBE TO", would complete a *Bullet*. Study the winners below and get your efforts in by Saturday, March 29.

P.S.—Between your *Bullets* have a shot at "Postscripts," the easy new word contest in *Passing Show*, with 2,265 prizes offered every Friday.

THREE £250 WINNERS, "BULLETS" No. 750.

Mr. D. Adams, 43, Findlay Avenue, Restalrig, Edinburgh.
Example—Left To Posterity
Bullet—Jobs We're "Dying" For.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Miss E. Proctor, 12, Bowman Crescent, Heys Estate, Ashton-u-Lyne.
Example—Doesn't Follow
Bullet—"Veiled" Budget, A "Beauty."

Mr. J. Tucker, Ford, Ash Mill, Barnstaple.
Example—Keeping Home Going
Bullet—Margarine—And "Elbow-grease."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Miss M. Pashley, Millbrook, Stalybridge.
Example—Showing A Bold Front
Bullet—Trade Backers—Trade Back.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. J. C. Keating, 45, Merton Road, Manchester.
Example—Doesn't Follow.
Bullet—Another "Party"—More "Cake."

5 PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

J. BAILEY, 38, Edmund Road, Birmingham.
Honoured Name—"Bearer" Often Finds "Load."

E. HAWTHORN, 123, London Road, Coalville.
Makes Many—"Stoop"—"Picking Up" Living.

Mrs. E. JEFFREY, 42, West Street, Wallsend.
Saved From The Wreck—Heaven Help The Captain!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Miss E. ROBERTS, 57, Woolmer Road, Meadows, Nottingham.
When Father's About—We're Not "Open," Either!

F. TAYLOR, 67, Edmund Road, Saltley, Birmingham.
Saved From The Wreck—Bankrupt—He Hid "Lifebelt."

10 PRIZES OF £2 : 10 : 0 EACH:

Miss F. ADAMS, 41, Shenley Road, Dartford, Kent.
Disarming Her—"Don't Shoot, *Pretty* Lady!"

Miss D. CARTER, 1, The Avenue, New Southgate, N.
Sounds Of Revelry—Not Through Doctor's Stethescope.

A. R. PENWICK, 41, Pinborough Road, London, S.W.
Fire Of Enthusiasm — Overnight — Over, Morning.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

G. C. FLATMAN, Bressingham Road, Roydon, Diss.
Costs More—If Sales Are "Reduced."

G. E. GILES, 345, Ladbroke Grove, London, W.
Makes Many—Opportunities "Melt"—Cold Feet."

T. JONES, 419, North End Road, Fulham, S.W.
The Chief—Father—Till There's "Palaver."

J. LEE, 12, Duchess Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Won't Kill You—Panel Doctor—Hasn't Time!

A. MORTLAKE, 10, Lena Gardens, London, W.
Sounds Of Revelry—"Swelling"—Other Tenants "Bursting."

H. A. MOULE, King Street, Queen's Cross, Dudley, Worcs.
Makes Many—Forget Church, God's Sun.

Miss D. WHITTINGHAM, 147, North View Drive, Vestcliff.
One—Big "Party"—Prosperity's "Birthday."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A LIST OF 50 10/-, AND 500 2/6 WINNERS IN COMPETITION No. 750 CAN BE SEEN AT THESE OFFICES.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 754.
First Prize, £400—Second, £50—Third, £25—30 Prizes of £6—50 "Bullets" Fivers—500 of 2s. 6d.—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Get Busy, Ramsay—Sons Of The Soil—Parliamentary Career—First In The Field—Ruinous—Surprise For the Taxpayer—Going Off—Overwhelming—In Black And White—Alone—*If* I Had A Chance—Supreme—A Little More—Shows He's A Foreigner—Threadbare—Shadow Of Doubt—He Writes Poetry, But—Knocking At The Door—Burning Her Fingers—Cuckoo In The Nest—Promptly—Doing His Duty - Like Fairyland—Trapped—Puzzles Father—Modest Maid—Don't—Somebody Said—A Foul—Quits—"April Fool!"—Are We Being Robbed?
(Closing Saturday, April 5.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 753

CONQUERING THE WORLD	IF EVERYBODY WERE HONEST	THE HUMAN TOUCH
PARTY SPIRIT	GONE TO SLEEP	ON THE HOME FRONT
HERALD OF SPRING	SADLY DISAPPOINTED	SOLEMNLY
TASTING FREEDOM	A GOOD DEED	MONEY THAT'S WANTED
IN INDUSTRIAL CIRCLES	FUND OF OPTIMISM	UNEMPLOYED BAND
ONE OF THE FIRST	BAD BOUGHT A CAR AND	PRETTY WELL
MR. NEWRICH	LOOKING FOR AN OPENING	GASPING
BACK TO BRITAIN	IT'S ONLY A TRIFLE, BUT	QUITE UNNECESSARY
A CRISIS IS COMING WHEN	PAYS ME	SWEEPING THE ROAD
HE'S A BIG MAN, SO	"TAKE MY SEAT!"	CHEER UP, MR. FARMER
TO AVOID THE CROWD	MIGHTY	

Example _____ Closing SAT., Mar. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(753) P.O. 6d. _____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT., Mar. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(753) P.O. 1s. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT., Mar. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(753) P.O. 1s. 6d. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

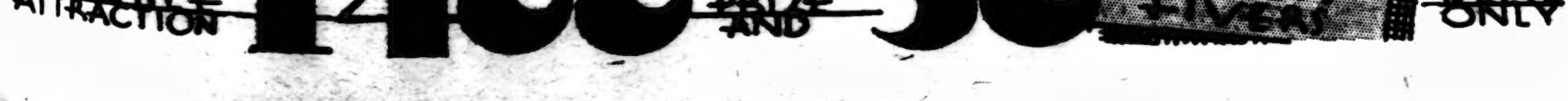
Example _____ Closing SAT., Mar. 29
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(753) P.O. 2s. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entries: "Bullets" No. 753, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Free weekly help awaits you in *Bullets Bulletin*. Sample copy sent to applicants who enclose half-penny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O. (crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL) brings 12 weeks' issues post paid. Address:—"Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief Prizes in Competition No. 753 have purchased "John Bull."
The original cheque for £200 awarded to the first Prize-winner for "Bullets" No. 749 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, South Street, Dorchester.



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